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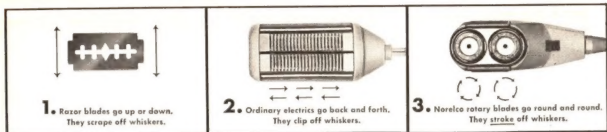
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(Norelco rotary blades stroke off whiskers)

Why scrape or clip off whiskers? Stroke them off with Norelco rotary blades and join the millions who have discovered the most comfortable way to shave close and clean

New from Norelco

Until recently, you had the unhappy choice of two ways to shave.

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Then along came the *third* way... Norelco with its rotary blades to *stroke* off whiskers—the most comfortable way to shave close and clean. So comfortable, in fact, it's changing men's shaving habits all over America!



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Norelco rotary blades whirl smoothly at 3500 amazingly fast turns a minute. They never stop. They never change direction. They don't scrape or nick your face. They don't pinch or pull at your beard.



New Norelco 'floating-head' Speedshaver 30. New Norelco Cordless Speedshaver 20C.

Hidden under sturdy, protective skin guards, Norelco rotary blades *stroke* off your whiskers close, clean, and with such downright comfort, your face actually feels *soothed*.

And in the newly designed Norelco 'floating-head' Speedshaver, improved 'floating-heads' swivel automatically to bring the whirling blades into cutting range of every last whisker. In the new Norelco Cordless, the rotary blades are powered by four long-life batteries right in the shaver itself. No cord. No plug-in. No bulky recharger.

The final test of a good product is not what the manufacturer says about it—but what *people* say. And enthusiastic users have spread the word about Norelco. That's why Norelco is now the No. 1 man's shaver in America. And rotary-blade shaving—the *third* way to shave—is the overwhelming choice of men the world over.

So get acquainted with the champ. See the Norelco line at your dealer's today!

Norelco

For Father's Day and Graduation! Shop here for the Norelco you want...Norelco accessories, too



NEW NORELCO 'FLOATING-HEAD' SPEEDSHAPER® 30 (SC7960). Handsome design. Push button opens side vents for easy cleaning. 110/220 volts (AC/DC). Adapts to world-wide use. Complete with handsome travel case.



NEW NORELCO CORDLESS SPEED-SHAVER 20C (SC7970). Shaves anywhere on four tiny batteries. 'Flip-top' cleaning. No cord, plug-in or bulky recharger. The only cordless shaver with Norelco rotary blades. Mirrored zipper case.



NEW NORELCO 'FLIP-TOP' SPEED-SHAVER 20 (SC7920). Newest model of world's largest-selling shaver, with famous Norelco rotary blades. Norelco economically priced. Quick 'flip-top' cleaning. 110 volts only (AC/DC). Travel case.



NEW LADY NORELCO SHAVER 20L (SC9010). Rotary blades give close, comfortable shave. Perfect for legs and underarms. Lovely simulated-sapphire design. 110 volts (AC/DC). New zippered case with golden accents.

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Manufacturer's suggested retail price for the '63 Rambler American
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TIME LISTINGS

CINEMA

Winter Light. Ingmar Bergman probes deeper into religious philosophy in this relentlessly somber and icily beautiful film about an afternoon in the life of a Swedish pastor who finds himself unable to help or love others because he fears that he himself is beyond the help or love of God.

Heavens Above! Peter Sellers again, this time as a vicar who becomes the first Bishop of Outer Space. Sellers seems to be still all right, but, Jack, something has gone wrong with his vehicles.

The Idiot and Sanjuro. These two films by Japan's Akira Kurosawa are not in a class with his *Rashomon* or *Yojimbo*. But Kurosawa's genius can make a miss almost as good as a masterpiece.

Two Daughters. In this gentle and witty two-part film, the camera of India's Satyajit Ray speaks a universal language. *The Postmaster* tells of the touching relationship between a backwoods postmaster and a ten-year-old girl who is his servant; *The Conclusion* is a comedy about a reluctant bride, ardent groom and spoiled mother.

The Third Lover. Claude Chabrol has made a chilling psychological thriller about the sin of envy. Jacques Charrier is the baby-faced rat who wrecks a marriage and causes a murder because others' happiness makes him angry.

Landru. Another Chabrol film, with a script by Françoise Sagan, this one is a kind of comedy of murders, based on the story of the French Bluebeard who killed off ten women during World War I. Two of the victims: Danielle Darrieux and Michele Morgan.

Lazarillo. The hero is a 16th-century Huckleberry Finn who pits wits and wiles against a world of unscrupulous adults.

Mondo Cane. The bite of this documentary of depravity is even worse than its bark: the thesis that the world has gone to the dogs.

TELEVISION

Wednesday, May 29

CBS Reports (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.).*
Tonight's subject: birth control.

Friday, May 31

International Showtime (NBC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). The Circus Schumann of Copenhagen. Repeat.

Eyewitness (CBS, 10:30-11 p.m.). The top news story of the week.

Saturday, June 1

Wide World of Sports (ABC, 5-6:30 p.m.). The Indianapolis 500-mile auto race, and the European soccer championship—Portugal v. Italy—from Wembley Stadium in London.

Hootenanny (ABC, 8:30-9 p.m.). Taped at Penn State University, this show includes Martha Schlammé, Ian and Sylvia, Richard and Jim, and The Limeliters.

Saturday Night at the Movies (NBC, 9-11 p.m.). Marilyn Monroe and Robert Mitchum in *River of No Return*.

Sunday, June 2

Directions '63 (ABC, 2-2:30 p.m.). "The Wisdom of Maimonides," the 12th

century Jewish philosopher analyzed through dramatic readings. Repeat.

Meet the Press (NBC, 6-6:30 p.m.). Guest: Alabama Governor George C. Wallace.

The Twentieth Century (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.). Okinawa—where 100,000 Japanese died in the last major battle of World War II. Some 12,000 Americans also lost their lives in a nightmare of kamikazes and engulfing typhoons. Repeat.

Sunday Night Movie (ABC, 8-10 p.m.). *Subway in the Sky*, with Van Johnson and Hildegard Neff.

The Voice of Firestone (ABC, 10-10:30 p.m.). Guests: Dancer Rudolf Nureyev and Tenor Franco Corelli. Conductor Wilfred Pelletier.

Monday, June 3

Monday Night at the Movies (NBC, 7:30-9:30 p.m.). *The Bravados*, with Gregory Peck, Joan Collins, and Stephen Boyd.

Tuesday, June 4

Chet Huntley Reporting (NBC, 10:30-11 p.m.). A look at Chrysler's gas-turbine-engine automobile.

THEATER

On Broadway

She Loves Me is an old-fashioned musical that believes in love, and has an up-to-date way of showing it, even if it is in a perfume shop in Old Budapest. He (Daniel Massey) and She (Barbara Cook) make wifely light operatic music together.

Photo Finish reduces the Seven Ages of Man to four—20, 40, 60 and 80—and puts them all onstage at the same time. Author-Director-Star Peter Ustinov, as the 80-year-old, plays philosophical host to his earlier selves, and he treats them, and life, as balefully amusing.

Enter Laughing, by Joseph Stein, has been stained with the familiar finish of Jewish family comedy, but the splintery grain of life still shows through it.

Strange Interlude, by Eugene O'Neill, commits the vibrant resources of the Actors Studio Theater to a 4½-hour play that would be more than a little stale and distinctly interminable without them. What salvages the drama is the emotional integrity of Geraldine Page and her acting confederates. Limited run ends July 13.

Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?, by Edward Albee. A history professor (Arthur Hill) and his bitter half (Uta Hagen) mercilessly tell all the news that's not fit to print about each other. Playwright Albee's larger theme is the sterility of modern life, but it is the nonstop savagery between husband and wife that jolts playgoers.

Hot Spot. A waste of money, except for Judy Holliday.

Tovarich. A waste of money, except for Vivien Leigh.

Mr. President. A waste of money, except for a belly dancer named Wisa D'Orso.

Oliver! After wasting that much money, take out a library card and read this in the original Dickens.

Off Broadway

The Boys from Syracuse. Breeding tells, and this musical is a thoroughbred, originally sired by Shakespeare (*Comedy of Errors*) out of Plautus. The Rodgers tunes are a lilting delight, the Hart lyrics are a



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tonic to the ear, and a Most Adorable Cutie award should promptly be minted and bestowed on the bewitchingly gifted Julianne Marie.

Six Characters in Search of an Author, by Luigi Pirandello, offers a model revival of a modern classic. In an uncommonly talented cast, Michael O'Sullivan merits a special citation as the director of the play within the play.

BOOKS

Best Reading

Narrative of the Life of Frederick Douglass, an American Slave, by Frederick Douglass. In an autobiography he published in 1845 (reissued now in paperback), the greatest American Negro of the last century recalls his life as a slave.

Sprightly Running, by John Wain. In an interim report on himself at 35, British Novelist-Critic Wain provides a witty portrait of his intellectual generation.

Dare Call It Treason, by Richard M. Watt. The mutiny of almost 100 French divisions during World War I was long hushed up, but now it has been skillfully told by a salesman turned history buff.

Memories, Dreams, Reflections, by C. G. Jung. In this posthumous autobiography, the late great Swiss psychologist traces his life in dreams, offering some startling insights into a mind that at the end was in flight from its century, from science and particularly from Freud.

The Tin Drum, by Günter Grass. A grotesque dwarf's-eye view of the Third Reich and its aftermath told by the most powerfully imaginative novelist to emerge in postwar Germany.

Speculations About Jakob, by Uwe Johnson. Writing in a fragmented style, another gifted young German uses a whodunit plot to explore the small tensions and concerns of his divided world.

Our Mother's House, by Julian Gloag. In a little masterpiece of the macabre, seven London youngsters bury their mother in the garden, clout Dad with a poker, and evolve a religion based on the dead.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. **Raise High the Roof Beam, Carpenters and Seymour An Introduction**, Salinger (1, last week)
2. **The Glass-Blowers**, Du Maurier (2)
3. **Seven Days in May**, Knebel and Bailey (3)
4. **Grandmother and the Priests**, Caldwell (4)
5. **The Sand Pebbles**, McKenna (5)
6. **The Moonflower Vine**, Carleton (7)
7. **The Tin Drum**, Grass (8)
8. **When the Legends Die**, Borland
9. **The Moon-Spinners**, Stewart (9)
10. **Fail-Safe**, Burdick and Wheeler (6)

NONFICTION

1. **The Whole Truth and Nothing But, Hopper** (1)
2. **Travels with Charley**, Steinbeck (2)
3. **The Ordinal of Power**, Hughes (4)
4. **Forever Free**, Adamson (6)
5. **The Great Hunger**, Woodham-Smith (7)
6. **O Ye Jigs & Juleps!**, Hudson (5)
7. **I Owe Russia \$1,200**, Hope
8. **The Fire Next Time**, Baldwin (3)
9. **The Day They Shook the Plum Tree**, Lewis (9)
10. **The Feminine Mystique**, Friedan (8)

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"Drivepower" is Wagoneer station wagon's new, improved and exclusive 4-wheel drive system.

ALL NEW 'JEEP' WAGONEER

TIME, MAY 31, 1963

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LETTERS

Fine Grain Farmers

Sir: Congratulations to the farmers—we didn't know they were of such fine grain.

THE LOUTZENHISERS

Glen Burnie, Md.

Sir: I am proud to claim common citizenship with the U.S. farmer. His referendum vote clearly demonstrated that the national backbone, though morally soft and pliable in most sectors, stands straight and strong in the agricultural area. We sorely need this "old frontier" independence; God forbid that the New Frontier plow it under.

MRS. E. H. TEMPEST

Norfolk

Astronaut Cooper

Sir: What a revealing comparison of the attitudes of the American and Russian space explorers: a communist cries out in space, "I am Eagle!" I am Eagle!" while our astronaut humbly prays, "Father, thank you."

MABEL M. MARTIN

Wesleyville, Pa.

Push for Equality

Sir: Not one of the Chicago and suburban newspapers, nor any of the local radio and television stations, reported the Birmingham demonstrations as factually, sincerely, and with such profound respect as it was in the Nation section of May 17. I am convinced that, irrespective of a subscriber's agreement with TIME, one must read it in order to be honestly informed.

CHARLES BROOKS TALIFERO

East Chicago Heights, Ill.

Sir:

The description of Martin Luther King as an "inspirational but sometimes inept leader" was extremely unfortunate. As one who has represented Dr. King in the courts of Alabama and Georgia and who has had many opportunities to watch him directing the affairs of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, I think that the term "inept" is neither fair nor accurate. It is unfair because it attempts to equate the leader of a great social revolution with a high-powered corporate executive. It is inaccurate because, with limited financial and human resources at his disposal, he succeeds in overcoming enormous odds.

WILLIAM M. KUNSTLER

New York City

Sir:

The calculated hate, planned unrest, useless destruction of private and public property, and needless agitation between the colored and white races in Birmingham were only made worse by your insidious reporting of this situation. Why, oh why, do you condone mob violence by the Negroes and yet deplore mob violence by whites? No reference was made by your reporter to the pillaging and looting of a private store by Negroes before they unmercifully burned this store and then stoned the firemen in an attempt to prevent them from controlling the fire. Mob violence under any guise or for any cause, just or unjust, is tragic and criminal.

DONALD L. COLLINS

Birmingham

► The Saturday night rioting broke out after the May 17 TIME had gone to press, but an account was included in most copies: "Thousands of enraged Negroes surged through the streets, flinging bricks, brandishing knives . . . put a torch to a white man's delicatessen, fought off firemen as they arrived to put out the blaze."—Ed.

Sir:

I thought water cannons were used only in East Berlin.

FAWZY RAHAMIM

Teheran, Iran

Sir:

Congratulations! You scored a victory over Communist propaganda. Your article on "The Negro's Push for Equality" will win a lot of readers for you in Asia. Reading the same lines from a Red magazine would have created a lot of ill feeling toward your great country in the minds of Asians. As such, your article is worth its weight in gold.

RONALD M. D'SILVA

Bombay

The Individual in America

Sir: After reading closely your great conclusions on the state of man today [May 16], I am certain that here is one committee that could have written *Hamlet*.

MARY TAYLOR HALLAM

Dallas

Sir:

The feature is one of your best, and a brilliant analysis of the strengths and weaknesses of modern America, and an indication of the elements needing development. This diagnosis shares none of the unrealism of classical individualism or of socialistic col-

lectivism. In particular it reaffirms the basic principles of sound philosophy, the Judeo-Christian revelation, and American constitutional tradition.

JOSEPH E. HALEY, C.S.C.

University of Portland
Portland, Ore.

Sir:

Many thanks for the thoughtful article, "Lincoln and Modern America."

Among many perceptive comments was a reference to depth psychology—"Man is guided not by conscious will but rather by unconscious drives." This is a popular misconception about psychoanalytic theory.

Present-day ego psychology (of which the late David Rapaport is father and prophet) demonstrates to many in medicine that individual "freedom" is really "guaranteed" from any tyranny by the environment because of these drives. Similarly, man is not an automaton because of the impact of environment on the reality testing mechanisms: the memory, motor, perceptual and threshold apparatuses. The upshot of this is that man has the potential to find ways to satisfy his drives in constructive, nonaggressive ways which need not destroy him.

JOHN L. KUEHN, M.D.

Fellow, Menninger School of Psychiatry
Topeka, Kans.

Sir:

C. Wright Mills is described as an "angry, narrow sociologist" and Erich Fromm as "a Marxist culture quack."

I do not object to criticism of these distinguished thinkers; I do feel badly that no evidence or explanation supported these statements. This is intellectual "dirty pool."

Fromm and Mills have made rather significant contributions to the quest to unravel the complexities of human society. If these men have overstated their cases (the only real sin of which they might be guilty is the originality of their thought must partially exonerate them).

HOWARD KUTCHAI

Birmingham, Mich.

Sir:

Congratulations on your cover story on individualism. We debated the subject and agreed that no society, not even our modern one, was, is, or will be able to destroy the principle of man's own way of thinking and acting according to his own private ideals.

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DEBATING SOCIETY

Buenos Aires

Lincoln's Eyes

Sir:

I have always been under the impression that President Lincoln had blue eyes rather than the grey that you show in the May 16 cover portrait by Robert Vickrey. Perhaps your sources would confirm this?

PAYNE THOMAS

Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

► Lincoln himself provided a color guide when in 1859 he sent an autobiographical sketch to Jesse W. Fell describing himself as "in height, six feet, four inches, nearly; lean in flesh, weighing on an average, one hundred and eighty pounds; dark complexion, with coarse black hair, and grey eyes—No other marks or brands recollected."—Ed.

The Divorce

Sir:

It disgusts me to see prominent clergymen take issue with Nelson Rockefeller [May 17]. The Protestants in particular sang so loudly the song of division between church and

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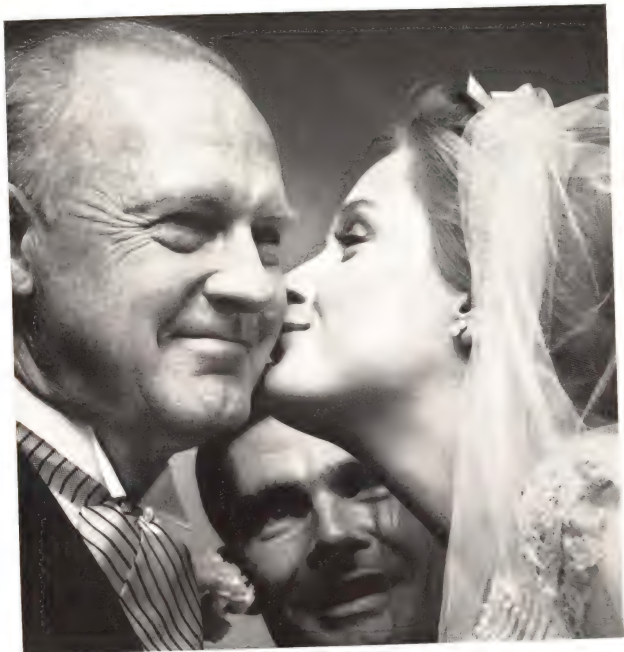
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Washington, D.C.	Pick Motor Inn
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state when Kennedy was elected, and now refuse to support Rockefeller politically because he has offended their religious beliefs. I say congratulations to Rockefeller for finding personal happiness. He should be commended for his courage and judged only for his political qualifications.

MRS. GERALD TOMORY
Bloomington, Ind.

Sir:
Bishop Fred Corson is a graduate (1917) of this college. The editors of our student newspaper here read his comments concerning Rockefeller with great dismay. Constant confusion of men's personal lives with their political lives is indeed a sorry facet of our system.

I was glad to see TIME state that the bishop was "stepping out of his field" in making such comments. Our editorial of May 10 stated a similar position.

ERIC J. GROVES
Editor

The Dickinsonian
Dickinson College
Carlisle, Pa.

Sir:
I wish I could rejoice in the happiness of Nelson Rockefeller and his new wife.

However, we remember that to achieve this happiness he must have cheated on his first wife. Therefore we have to assume he would as willingly cheat on his public.

MAE F. BAILEY

Roseburg, Ore.

Sir:
I am a married woman aware of the stresses under which people today marry, and aware of the plain fact people do not always get along. I am not aware of the needs of any of the people involved in the Rockefeller-Murphy divorces, and I'm sure the learned clergymen aren't either.

(MRS.) ELLEN FINGER

New York City

Blithe Spirit

Sir:
Thank you for your fine and all too brief article on Margaret Rutherford [May 24].

Miss Rutherford is one of the most completely delightful and capable actresses active today. While Liz, Brigitte, Tuesday and many others are busy proving publicly that their only real talents are nocturnal, Margaret Rutherford is proving what real acting can be.

ROBERT L. STROHMAN

Louisville

Sir:

Bravo for a sparkling story covering one of the brightest character actresses of our time.

If anyone could feel the leg of a ghost, Margaret Rutherford would be the one.

ALDO GALLO

New York City

► The leg belonged to John Buckstone, an actor-dramatist turned manager who took over the Haymarket in 1875, remained in the capacity of manager until three years before his death in 1879. He called on Margaret Rutherford, or so she affirms, last year, when she and her husband were staying overnight in the theater during her appearance in *School for Scandal*.—Ed.

Tasty Tidbit

Sir:
Do my eyes deceive me, or is the soldier in your May 24 color spread on U.S. guerrillas eating raw snake? I cannot permit my-

self to believe that guerrilla training of G.I.s includes such a dietary horror.

MEL BERK

New York City

► The snake, a small boa constrictor, was not eaten raw but skinned and cooked over a charcoal fire. It tasted fine, although a bit campy. The snake's head was bitten off to demonstrate that a soldier can live off the land if necessary without the aid of knives or guns.—Ed.

Jewish Senecos

Sir:

In your "Resorts" story of May 24, about Paleface Sam Banowitz's Palm Springs sprines, one of the Agua Caliente Indians stated that Mr. Banowitz was "the first Jewish Indian in the country."

I know two who preceded him: my husband, Ray Evans (lyric writer), and his collaborator, Jay Livingston (composer), who wrote such un-Indian songs as *Mona Lisa*, *Buttons and Bows*, *Tammy*, and *Que Sera Sera*. Lined up with their three Oscars are two peace pipes which they smoke after they argue about their pentameters and their pianissimos. They were taken into the Seneca Tribe of New York State about twelve years ago as Chief Words-Come-Easy and Chief Flowing Rhyme.

SQUAW WYN EVANS

Beverly Hills, Calif.

Fancy Cussin'

Sir:

In your Cinema review "God's Great Outdoors" [May 24], you mention "fancy cussin'" but the form quoted is not the same one I was taught years ago by an authority on the subject. For your information, here is my version, which rhymes, incidentally, and has real movement and Anglo-Saxon alliterative coloring:

Damn, damn, double-damn, triple-damn, bang!
Ger whis! Golly! Gosh! The deuce! The Devil! O hell! Hang!

WILLIAM BOYCE WHITE JR.

Rock Hill, S.C.

Stan the Man

Sir:

Amen to your belated recognition of baseball's Mister Most, Stan Musial [May 17]. But what mortal (even Grandpa Musial) could have played in 23 All-Star games after only 21 major-league seasons, unless he happened to be the incomparable, switch-hitting George Herman Ruth Mickey Mantle Mays Ty Cobb Gehrig?

BOB MAYER

Riverdale, N.Y.

► For the past four years there have been two All-Star games per season, making 23 All-Star games during Musial's 21 major-league seasons.—Ed.

Letters to the Editor should be addressed to TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N.Y.

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Bernard M. Auer



JUNE 1, 1962

TO take the temperature of the U.S. economy and to gauge at the same time the mood of the men who are most important in making it run, TIME this week called on every one of its U.S. bureaus. Correspondents from New York to Los Angeles and from Detroit to Houston interviewed some 200 businessmen, economists and public officials up to and including the President of the United States. Out of the 400 pages of copy that the correspondents sent to New York, plus a mass of other research and reports, Senior Editor Edward L. Jamieson, Writer Marshall Loeb and Researcher Piri Halasz reached the consensus reported in the cover story on the new and exuberant U.S. economy. The new mood of confidence and optimism offers a striking contrast to the temper reported exactly one year ago this week in our June 1, 1962 issue when the cover featured Bear v. Bull on Wall Street, and the story accurately charted the unhappy market trend that became the year's most dramatic business news.

It was clear that no one businessman represented the whole story of the new economy, so we chose twelve key executives in dynamic companies that range all across the broad sweep of U.S. business and industry. The choices were pointed but not necessarily exclusive—a good many of the colleagues and competitors of these twelve might

have been included. The twelve we chose:

Monroe Jackson Rathbone, president, Standard Oil Co. (New Jersey)

Joseph L. Block, chairman, Inland Steel Co.

Michael W. McCarthy, chairman, Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith
Mark Cresap, president, Westinghouse Electric Corp.

Rudolph A. Peterson, vice chairman,
Bank of America

Gilbert Fitzhugh, president, Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.

William Allan Patterson, president,
United Air Lines

John F. Gordon, president, General Motors Corp.

Charles Thornton, chairman, Litton Industries, Inc.

Lammot du Pont Copeland, president. E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co.

Courtlandt Gross, chairman, Lockheed Aircraft Corp.

Ralph Lazarus, president, Federated Department Stores

THIS twelve-man cover will present a special challenge to the growing number of readers who collect the autographs of cover subjects: they will have to use a series of mailings to get twelve signatures on one copy of the cover. The process may go on for years. How long it goes on in much less involved circumstances was noted last week by Theologian Karl Barth as he was being interviewed for this week's story in Religion. Ever since he appeared on the cover (April 20, 1962), said Barth, he has been receiving "a never-ending flow of envelopes from America, containing my TIME cover picture, with requests to return it, duly signed. The only way I can find to sign it is by writing KARL on the left side, and Barth on the right side of my collar. This is the only white on the picture, and the signature makes me look like a Salvation Army officer. I guess that cover really made me famous, like Jack Dempsey.

[illegible]

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THE NATION

AGRICULTURE

The Wheat Vote

Secretary of Agriculture Orville Freeman picked up his phone, heard President Kennedy ask coldly: "What happened?" Freeman gave an honest answer: "I don't know."

What Freeman did know was that more than a million wheat farmers had gone to the polls and, in a vote that may well shape the future of U.S. agriculture, overwhelmingly turned down his plan for high Government supports and strict production controls.

In 22 previous years, wheat farmers had voted on similar but milder plans; each time they said yes by at least the two-thirds majority required for approval. But the margins had steadily dwindled, and Freeman had long known he was in for a real fight this year. He and his sprawling Agriculture Department campaigned tirelessly, told farmers that their choice was between \$1 wheat and \$2 wheat, Freeman's major antagonist was the big American Farm Bureau Federation and its president, Charles Shuman. The Farm Bureau's slogan: "Freedom vs. Freeman."

To follow the returns, the Agriculture Department set up a regular election-night headquarters, expected to chart the ebb and flow of the vote late into the night. But by 7 p.m., Room 6:68 in the department's main Washington building was a glum place. Far from giving Freeman's plan the necessary two-thirds, farmers refused it even a simple majority. The final vote was 347,151 for, 507,776 against (see box on following page).

For Flexibility. Only six states gave the Freeman program a two-thirds majority. One was Maine, where a mere 32 farmers cast ballots. The other five were all in the South: Georgia, Kentucky, North Carolina, South Carolina and Tennessee. In none of these states is wheat nearly as important as cotton and tobacco. Both of these crops have long operated under high-support, strict-control programs, and Southern farmers have become so fond of the supports they will accept almost all controls.

Outside the South, the vote against Freeman's program cut across all regional lines. Of the nation's top wheat-producing states—Kansas, North Dakota, Montana, Oklahoma, and Washington—only North Dakota, with 65.8% in favor, even came close to giving Freeman a two-thirds

majority. Among the so-called corn-belt states, those west of the Mississippi tended to favor the Freeman program, although not by two-thirds. In these states—Iowa, Missouri, South Dakota, Minnesota and Nebraska—the price of corn often follows the price of wheat. Many farmers plainly feared that lower wheat prices would pull down corn prices.

The eastern corn-belt states were still another story. Michigan, Ohio, Illinois

referendum, farmers with fewer than 11 acres of wheat were permitted to vote—and they turned out in droves to say no. So did feed-grains (corn, oats, barley, sorghum grain); farmers with small wheat holdings; they figured that strict marketing controls on wheat might set a pattern for their other crops. Moreover, since Freeman's program called for about 20% of U.S. wheat production to be reserved for nonhuman use, sorghum, barley and



FARMERS REGISTER THEIR VOTES IN NEBRASKA
Against a take-it-or-leave-it proposition.

and Indiana cast about 300,000 votes, or one-fourth of the national total, and in each state the returns went lopsidedly against Freeman's proposals. In these states, the secret to successful farming is flexibility. Farmers there like to shift from crop to crop—mainly wheat, corn and soybeans—as prices and supply conditions change. But under Freeman's plan a farmer's past wheat production would determine his marketing quota; farmers were apprehensive that establishing this wheat "history" would lock them into wheat production at the cost of flexibility.

For Workability. Historically, the political arguments for expensive Government farm programs have insisted that high subsidies are necessary to keep the "small farmer" in business. But last week for the first time in any U.S. wheat

corn growers were concerned about protecting their livestock feed markets.

Throughout the U.S., wheat farmers were resentful of the high-pressure campaign put on by the Administration to seek approval of Freeman's program. They were resentful, too, of Freeman's insistence that farmers must either accept his plan or live with an existing voluntary low-support program. It was against this take-it-or-leave-it proposition that Shuman's Farm Bureau campaigned most effectively.

Farm Bureau spokesmen argued that if Freeman's program were voted down, the Congress out of political necessity would enact other, less restrictive farm legislation. "Surely," said Shuman, "a nation that can send an astronaut into space can devise a sound, workable wheat program

in the months ahead." The Farm Bureau favors a voluntary land retirement plan, under which the Government would rent land from wheat farmers, thereby taking it out of production. At the same time, farmers would be cushioned against economic disaster by continued, but lower, price supports. After last week's vote, several Republican Congressmen introduced bills following the general lines of the Farm Bureau proposals. Freeman argues that such land retirement would cost taxpayers \$1 billion a year, that farmers would set aside only their poorest land, and that it would make no dent in existing surplus stockpiles.

The Hazard. In the absence of some sort of new legislation, wheat production will go uncontrolled and, Secretary Freeman predicts, produce a glut that will drag prices from the present support level of \$2 a bushel to a supported price of only \$1.25 to those farmers who accept acreage allotments. In all, Freeman forecasts, U.S. wheat farmers stand to lose some \$600 million. And that, rather than endorse a substitute plan, is precisely what Freeman proposes to let happen. He insists that the farmer has made his choice—and now must live with the consequences. At his press conference last week, President Kennedy expressed continuing confidence in his Agriculture Secretary and backed Freeman's stand against a substitute wheat program. He would, he said, be willing to "take a look" at any alternative plan, but by and large he intended to "accept the judgment" of the voting wheat farmers.

The Administration's present notion is, then, in the words of one insider, to "let the farmers stew in their own juice." The Administration believes that the economic results will be so adverse that next year, in another referendum, wheat farmers will reverse last week's vote.

Tempting as this strategy may be, it is also filled with political hazard. To leave farmers in the lurch would almost certainly mean abandoning all hope for their vote in next year's presidential election. In major wheat-growing states, six Democratic Senators are up for re-election next year: Montana's Mike Mansfield, Indiana's Vance Hartke, Ohio's Stephen Young, Missouri's Stuart Symington, Minnesota's Eugene McCarthy and North Dakota's Quentin Burdick. Only one wheat-state Republican, Nebraska's Roman Hruska, is up for challenge. The Democrats, therefore, stand to lose considerably more than the Republicans from the farmers' wrath.

Yet the significance of last week's vote goes far beyond party politics. For a full generation, U.S. farmers have been saddled with controls in return for subsidies. The cost is enormous, running between \$4 billion and \$5 billion a year for all agricultural programs. Despite the production controls, the surpluses have continued to pile mountainously high. Now, for the first time in his history, the American wheat farmer has voted for freedom—and, given a fair chance, he may grow to like it.



FARM BUREAU'S SHUMAN

THE PRESIDENCY

Echoes of Courage

The commemoration of courageous moments and men brings out the best in President Kennedy. He likes heroes, medal winners and war stories. He stood tall and proud last week at the White House reception for Astronaut Gordon Cooper. In Manhattan, at the brief dedication of a monument to the 4,596 American men who perished in western Atlantic waters during World War II, the President was moved to emotion and eloquence.

The Generous Hands. A destroyer boomed a 21-gun salute, flags fluttered, and the noon sun bore down on Battery Park at the lower tip of Manhattan. The President stood solemnly before the memorial—eight 10-ft. granite pylons that bear the names of the dead and a giant bronze eagle that looks across the bay toward the Statue of Liberty. He spoke of the sea, struggle, sacrifice, and "what it all meant that we should be in such hazard today." Declared the President:

"It means that every generation of Americans must be expected in their time to do their part to maintain freedom for their country and freedom for those associated with it. There is no final victory, but rather all Americans must be always prepared to play their proper part in a difficult and dangerous world."

Kennedy's 13-day New York trip also had its less stirring political moments. Some 600 business and professional men and Democratic notables, calling themselves the President's Club, chipped in \$1,000 each to throw a birthday party for Kennedy at the Waldorf-Astoria. He would not be 46 for six more days, but it was a good excuse to come to the aid of the Democratic Party's chronic deficit with an estimated \$600,000. During the dinner, a smiling Kennedy table-bopped to shake the generous hands, Alan Jay Lerner, the *My Fair Lady* lyricist and a Kennedy schoolmate at Choate and Harvard, directed a show-biz crowd that included Jimmy Durante, Louis Armstrong, and Brother-in-law Peter Lawford through some tired song-and-dance routines. Audrey Hepburn sang "Happy Birthday"—and it was all, according to at least three different witnesses, "just awful."

This Way Out. But certainly it was no worse than the President's press conference, earlier in the week. There, as happens with increasing frequency, Kennedy was asked a lot of silly questions—and did not improve much on them in his answers. Inevitably Sarah McClendon, who is becoming television's most monumental bore, got her chance, rang in with a rambling query about an obscure Texas lead smelter that few people a quarter-mile outside of El Paso had ever heard of. Rather than cut Sarah off, as she so richly deserves, the President of the U.S. promised to "look into it." Then there was a question about what Kennedy had once called the "genie" of unrestricted nuclear testing. With U.S.-Russian test-ban talks at a standstill, a reporter asked: "The genie, sir, is it out of the bottle?"

THE ROLL CALL

SINCE the law that proposed the new wheat plan excluded Hawaii and Alaska, farmers in those states were not eligible to vote. Wheat production in New Hampshire is so slight that no one voted there. The only states in which the plan was given the necessary two-thirds majority are in red.

State	Yes Vote	No Vote	% Yes
Alabama	1,681	1,235	57.6
Arizona	172	542	24.1
Arkansas	1,881	3,637	34.1
California	855	2,527	27.5
Colorado	7,211	7,677	48.4
Connecticut	8	22	26.7
Delaware	394	423	48.2
Florida	262	624	29.6
Georgia	11,528	1,781	86.6
Idaho	7,317	17,800	29.1
Illinois	17,949	41,263	30.3
Indiana	19,601	57,321	25.5
Iowa	5,432	3,097	63.7
Kansas	38,269	53,210	41.8
Kentucky	22,143	3,669	87.9
Louisiana	149	741	16.7
Maine	24	8	75.0
Maryland	823	3,876	17.5
Massachusetts	4	38	18.1
Michigan	15,483	61,006	20.2
Minnesota	31,350	16,393	65.7
Mississippi	414	1,371	23.2
Missouri	55,086	29,841	64.9
Montana	11,118	10,664	51.0
Nebraska	23,944	20,150	54.3
Nevada	89	272	24.6
New Jersey	552	1,171	32.0
New Mexico	1,010	1,381	42.2
New York	6,874	15,011	31.4
North Carolina	64,040	15,079	80.9
North Dakota	52,020	26,980	65.8
Ohio	19,639	67,081	22.6
Oklahoma	17,656	25,845	40.6
Oregon	4,637	5,032	47.9
Pennsylvania	7,211	25,631	22.0
Rhode Island	2	6	25.0
South Carolina	16,426	3,292	83.3
South Dakota	21,771	11,616	65.2
Tennessee	19,462	6,129	76.0
Texas	21,740	26,736	44.8
Utah	1,213	2,999	28.8
Vermont	5	38	11.6
Virginia	6,918	11,172	38.2
Washington	6,976	8,012	46.5
West Virginia	1,239	1,350	46.1
Wisconsin	3,484	2,766	55.7
Wyoming	1,089	1,551	41.2
TOTALS	547,151	597,776	47.79

Replied Kennedy: "Well, it's neither in nor out right now, but I would say that we ought to—we'll know by the end of the summer whether it's finally out." When his press conference time was out, Kennedy leaped for the exit like a small boy on the last day of school.

Two nights later, at the annual dinner of White House correspondents and news photographers, Kennedy was again face to face with the press. There were no questions or speeches, only good-natured barbs about TFX, manned news and the New Frontier. Recalling that the President appeared at a recent press conference with his finger bandaged from a bread-slicing mishap, the newsmen presented Kennedy with a birthday gift—an electric bread slicer.

SPACE

Under Whose Moon?

With all his laconic ways, Astronaut Leroy Gordon Cooper Jr. was a wildly acclaimed homecoming hero. In Honolulu, Cocoa Beach, Washington, New York and Houston, the Oklahoma-born Air Force major accepted roars of applause from hundreds of thousands. He reported to the U.S. on a televised news conference. He addressed a joint session of Congress. He and his wife Trudy sipped cocktails at the White House with Jack and Jackie. In the midst of it all, Cooper attended a Broadway musical—*Stop the World, I Want to Get Off*.

The outpouring for Cooper was both genuine and deserved. And Cooper, his fellow astronauts, and other U.S. space enthusiasts were quite candid about capitalizing on the moment to seek more space-flight funds from a Congress that is plainly worried about the cost, and the



COOPER, KENNEDY & ASTRONAUTS²
Stop the world—I want to get off.

basic value of the various man-in-space programs.

"Why Go?" As Cooper waved to 250,000 cheering spectators from a blue convertible along Washington's Pennsylvania Avenue, it was no idle impulse that had led space officials to place New Mexico's Democratic Senator Clinton Anderson beside him. As chairman of the Senate Aeronautical and Space Sciences Committee, Anderson will have a lot to say about whether the National Aeronautics and Space Administration will get the \$5.7 billion it has requested for 1964.

Similarly, President Kennedy made a pointed pitch for the space program in awarding Cooper NASA's Distinguished Service Medal in the White House Rose Garden. Kennedy noted that Cooper took just about as long to orbit the earth 22 times as Charles Lindbergh did to fly solo to Paris in 1927. Said Kennedy: "Both flights were equally hazardous. Both were equally daring. I know that a good many people say 'Why go to the moon?' just as many people said to Lindbergh, 'Why go to Paris?' The U.S. has committed itself to this great adventure in the '60s. I think before the end of the '60s we will see a man to the moon—an American." As for those who might argue that no great harm would be done if the Soviet Union were to beat the U.S. to the moon. Vice President Lyndon Johnson asked: "What American wants to go to bed by the light of a Communist moon?"

After a two-minute ovation from the Congress, Cooper used much of his eight-minute speech to praise Project Mercury and the men who man it. "I don't think I've ever been with a team that was more dedicated, was striving harder, and was more completely sold on their product and the total space effort, and particularly the manned space-flight effort in which I am involved," he said. In his soft twang, Cooper read a prayer he had recorded over the Indian Ocean on his 17th orbit. It read in part: "Father, we thank you especially for letting me fly this flight.

Thank you for the privilege of being able to be in this position, to be in this wondrous place, seeing all these many startling, wonderful things that you have created. Help us in our future space endeavors that we may show the world that democracy really can compete and still is able to do things in a big way." The Congress was at first silent—then exploded in applause.

High Level. New York's ticker-tape reception for Cooper was both huge and heartfelt. Under a sparkling sun, a skywriter spelled out Manhattan's feelings: "Well done, Gordo." Said Cooper to a jam-packed plaza outside City Hall: "I never dreamed that I would find myself in such an impressive position, with such a lovely parade and so many people turned out. However, I'd like to point out one thing—that I'm just the focal point of a very large program. In fact, this program belongs to you—you, the people, are all a basic part of this program of putting man into space." Cooper's entire speech at a post-parade luncheon in the Waldorf-Astoria: "I don't generally say very much. I'm so impressed that today I'm going to say even less. I would just like to say that on behalf of the entire Mercury team I thank you for this wonderful day."

During the week, all of the Mercury astronauts except John Glenn (he was on a good-will trip to Japan) got in some private, high-level politicking over cocktails with Kennedy. They argued that another manned flight in a Mercury capsule should be scheduled, partly to fill the 18-month publicity gap between Cooper's shot and the first programmed two-man Gemini space mission late next year. They contended that the medical knowledge and flight experience to be gained by a 48-orbit, 72-hour Mercury flight would be well worth the \$10 million it would cost (some scientists disagree, not only



NEW YORK'S WELCOME
To you, the people.

about Mercury, but about the basic value of any man-in-space program—see SCIENCE). As for Kennedy, his public response was enigmatic. Said he at his news conference the next day: "NASA should make the judgment and will make the judgment, and I would not intervene."

Plumbing Problems. Such a flight presumably could be used to check out solutions to the technical troubles that forced Cooper to land his spacecraft without automatic aids. Engineers have found evidence that water spilled on the capsule's wiring may have caused short circuits. That water may have come from a leak in a system designed to drain off perspiration from inside Cooper's space suit (the lost 7 lbs. during his flight). Or it may have come from his efforts, which on at least one try took him a half-orbit around the earth, to transfer urine from his "motor-man's pal" into storage containers for laboratory study. Cooper discovered that, even with the help of a hypodermic-needle device, dealing with weightless liquid is quite a job. The engineers believe it possible that some of the stuff may have got mixed up with the wiring, causing the short circuits that kept the world in suspense for more than two hours.

RACES

Off the Streets

The Battle of Alabama moved off the streets and into the courts—at least for a while.

Of all silly things, the Birmingham school board, right in the middle of a lull in the city's race conflict, announced that it was expelling or suspending the 1,081 Negro pupils who had been arrested during recent civil rights demonstrations.

The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People promptly brought a test case before U.S. District Judge Clarence W. Allgood. From the moment the hearing started, there was never any doubt about where Allgood, a Kennedy appointee in 1961, stood. Said he: "This court was shocked to see hundreds of schoolchildren, ranging from six to 16, running loose and without direction over the streets of Birmingham and in the business establishments." Allgood upheld the Birmingham school board.

Within six hours, Negro attorneys had sued for a restraining order against the school board in the Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals in Atlanta, and Chief Judge Elbert Tuttle was hearing the plea. Tuttle, an Eisenhower appointee in 1954, administered a stinging, if indirect, rebuke to Allgood. "It's perfectly shocking to me," said he, "to learn that any board of education, having the responsibility of educating children would think that under circumstances such as these, they could achieve the results that they were elected for by knocking out 500 student-years of study." Tuttle reversed Allgood's decision, and Birmingham's Negro kids went back to their segregated schools.

Open & Shut. Next day Birmingham's segregationists got an even tougher court setback. Four members of the Alabama

Supreme Court settled a fight between two contending Birmingham city governments, voted unanimously to seat recently elected Mayor Albert Boutwell, 58, and his nine-man city council. Removed from office were incumbent segregationist Mayor Arthur Hanes and Public Safety Commissioner Theophilus Eugene ("Bull") Connor, that symbol of artistry in the use of the fire hose and police dog. With Connor and his crew out of the way, Mayor Boutwell promised to "move immediately with decisive action to begin working out the problems that face the city."

Would Boutwell, a segregationist who seems mild only in comparison with Hanes and Connor, be willing to talk to Negro leaders? Replied he: "In my more than 20 years holding some type of office, my doors have always been open." Would that policy extend to Negro Leader Martin Luther King Jr.? In a word, said Boutwell, no.

As if the other legal decisions against Alabama segregation were not enough, a U.S. district court in Birmingham ruled that the University of Alabama must accept two Negro applicants for the beginning of the summer session starting June 10. One is a girl, Vivian J. Malone, 20, who plans to go to the main university campus at Tuscaloosa. The other is David M. McGlathery, 26, a mathematician who had petitioned for postgraduate study at the university's Huntsville branch. Alabama's Governor George Wallace immediately announced that the Negroes would get into either Tuscaloosa or Huntsville only by walking over his body. Cried he: "I'm going to be wherever any Negro attempts to enter the University of Alabama. I might be in both places at the same time." This did not sit well even with some other Alabama Democratic politicians. Protested Attorney General Richmond Flowers: "When the Governor stands in defiance of federal authority, he

encourages others to join him—and that brings on racial violence. If federal troops are used in the state of Alabama, those who defied the courts and provoked violence would be to blame."

Beyond the Law? To forestall this possibility, the U.S. Justice Department last week filed a complaint against Wallace in Birmingham's Federal Court, asked for an injunction prohibiting Wallace from carrying out his threat. Federal Judge Seybourn H. Lynne ordered Wallace to appear before him on June 3 to show cause why an injunction should not be issued to prevent him from blocking the Negroes at the university. Said Attorney General Robert Kennedy: "We are prepared to abide by the court's decision, and we would hope and expect that Governor Wallace will do the same."

Yet the courts, unfortunate as it is, can only go so far—a fact expressed last week by Jesuit Theologian John Courtney Murray (TIME cover, Dec. 12, 1960), speaking in Manhattan. "The victory of the law," said Father Murray, "only raises a further and more profound issue for the social conscience of our country. When the limits of law have been reached as they have, the whole issue, in all its subtlety of reach, is inescapably presented to the higher tribunal of conscience."

Conscience failing, the Battle of Alabama seems likely to move back into the streets before it is over.

War in the North

Chasing a 14-year-old Negro burglary suspect, a cop pulled his revolver, fired and wounded the boy in the neck. Moments later, the neighborhood swarmed with outraged Negroes. In the streets and from rooftops, several hundred Negroes hurled stones and bottles at police, as two dozen patrol cars with four dog teams screamed into the area. Negro vandals broke into a tavern, stole whisky and



BIRMINGHAM CHILDREN BACK AT SCHOOL AFTER SUSPENSIONS
Both courts were shocked.



CHICAGO RELIEFERS GETTING SURPLUS FOODS
All the ingredients are here.

beer, started a fire, and then stoned firemen who answered the alarm.

This was not Birmingham. It was Chicago, with one of the nation's biggest, most potentially explosive Negro ghettos. In the wake of the Birmingham violence Chicago's Negroes have been gathering in street-corner sympathy meetings and protest marches. But a more basic reason for Chicago's racial disturbances is to be found in a welfare crisis that has been seething throughout Illinois for months.

Pushcarts & Shopping Bags. The state's Negroes, about 1,000,000 of whom are jammed in Chicago's South and West Side slums, get 70% of the \$300 million-a-year welfare and relief aid. Payments for aid to dependent children—of whom 65,000 are illegitimate—run to \$150 million a year. Of the more than 50,000 women who give birth to children while on relief, 87% (three-quarters of them Negroes) are either unmarried or are not living with their husbands.

The crisis blew up in March when the state senate refused to approve a \$5,000,000 emergency appropriation to cover welfare payments for May and June. The legislators wanted new ceilings clamped on payments to individual families, which sometimes exceeded \$500 a month. While Illinois' ineffectual Democratic Governor Otto Kerner bargained and pleaded with the senate, 352,000 people on the relief rolls began to go hungry.

At length, federal shipments of surplus foods, along with contributions from individuals and private businesses, began flowing into depots set up around Chicago. In scenes reminiscent of the Depression breadlines, Negroes queued up for four days to get 35 lbs. of food per person. Jostling, weeping, the people shoved their pushcarts and shopping bags into the dispensing lines and hauled away 500 tons of food. In Springfield Governor Kerner, who had vowed never to sign a bill with

a welfare ceiling, gulped down his promise, approved a compromise bill that henceforth will limit the amount of money given to any one welfare family.

But the end of the race crisis in Chicago is not yet in sight. Says the Urban League's Executive Director Edwin C. Berry: "We have a possibly explosive situation here. My messages from the beer gardens and the barbershops all indicate the fact that the Negro is at war. All the ingredients of race riot are here."

In a secret meeting held in Manhattan last week, U.S. Attorney General Robert Kennedy got an earful about worsening race relations in the North. Kennedy went to New York after discussing the idea with Negro Author James Baldwin (TIME cover, May 17), who himself had been a breakfast guest at Bobby's home earlier in the week. For the Manhattan meeting, Baldwin rounded up a dozen or so other "unofficial" white and Negro spokesmen, including Entertainers Lena Horne and Harry Belafonte, and Playwright Lorraine (A Raisin in the Sun) Hansberry. (Notably absent: top leaders from such organizations as the N.A.A.C.P. and the National Urban League.) Kennedy came in search of "new ideas" for dealing with segregation problems in the North. The group, echoing Baldwin's theme, warned of racial explosions to come, criticized President Kennedy for failing to use "the great prestige of his office as the moral forum it can be," urged that the President address the nation on civil rights. At one point, a former Freedom Rider shook his finger at Bobby in anger. Later, a participant called the meeting a "flop"; Baldwin thought it was not quite that, but agreed that the session ended in "some bewilderment." Added he: "Bobby Kennedy was a little surprised at the depth of Negro feeling. We were a little shocked at the extent of his naiveté."

REPUBLICANS

The Grand Old Game

Republican Nelson Rockefeller declined to talk about his presidential ambitions. Republican Barry Goldwater denied that he had any, weeks ago shrugged off questions about burgeoning Goldwater-for-President clubs with the remark: "It's useless to try to stop this thing." Republican George Romney vowed that "there are no circumstances under which I will seek" the 1964 G.O.P. nomination—but, given the chance, he refused to take a Sherman.

At President Kennedy's press conference last week, a newsman noted the reluctance of the three most widely mentioned Republican possibilities to declare themselves, asked "if, to your experienced eye, any of them looks like a candidate and if you'd care to be a little more frank than they are about your plans." The President chortled his reply: "I would say that if the party spirit—if the party comes to them, that they will answer in all those three cases, and I would say that that's just about my position too."

Candidate Watching. The fact is that it was, for some reason, the opening of the season for that grand old American game: candidate watching. Since there is no real doubt about who will get the Democratic nomination in 1964, interest and speculation naturally centered on the Republicans.

Newlywed Rockefeller, returning from an 18-day honeymoon at his Venezuela ranch and at Brother Laurence's comfortable Virgin Islands bungalow, told greeters at Idlewild airport that he was "very happy to be back." He and his second bride, the former Mrs. Margaretta ("Happy") Murphy, planned to settle down in Rocky's Pucanico Hills estate, then take a get-acquainted tour of New York State. As the Governor stepped toward a waiting car, somebody called out: "The Duke and Duchess of Windsor said they're happy for you." After reflecting for a moment on the implications of that Rockefeller called back: "That's very nice of them."

The fact was that Rocky, only a couple of months ago the far-in-front runner for next year's G.O.P. nomination, was still hearing echoes about his remarriage. A Presbyterian Church board last week formally censured the minister who performed the ceremony—on the ground that Happy had been divorced less than five weeks before, and church law requires a minister to get permission from his superiors before marrying anyone divorced less than a year. In an editorial entitled "Thy Neighbor's Wife," *The Living Church*, an Episcopal weekly, declared that it was doubtful whether Rockefeller "can any longer be considered as a candidate for the presidency."

Voters' Choice. With Rocky rocking there was renewed interest in the possibilities of Michigan's new Governor Romney. Last week he flew into Washington for the second time in recent days. On this occasion, the skilled and lively Rom-

ney speaking style was devoted to extolling the virtues of his home state, which is celebrating "Michigan Week." Addressing the National Press Club, he said: "The Creator endowed us with 11,000 lakes and 36,000 miles of streams." But he also spoke out in favor of civil rights justice for Negroes, free medical care for the "indigent," state action to meet public needs as an answer to the sort of inaction that "allows the Federal Government to poach on the state governments' preserve."

Asked whether he would accept a favorite-son nomination by the Michigan delegation in 1964, Romney did not reply very directly. He merely said that he already had "invited Rockefeller and Goldwater to come out to Michigan to let the people see them and decide which one they like."

For Romney, this was pretty good strategy. Rockefeller, if he ever really hopes to be the Republican nominee, must take his chances in 1964; to skip next year and wait until 1968 would be disastrous for him. His testing grounds will be the Republican presidential primaries, starting with New Hampshire next March. But to be a true test—and one that might say something about the voter reaction to his divorce and remarriage—there must be somebody to run against him. Plainly, it would work to Romney's advantage to have Rocky and Goldwater pitted against each other in the primaries. If they were to kill each other off who would be a likely man for the Republican Party to call upon? His name might be George Romney.

DEFENSE

He Had Better Be Right

Copper Calhoun, that beautiful but bitchy businesswoman, barked at her secretary: "Take a letter to—ah—what's his name in the Defense Department." Then she began dictating: "The manner in which you are running your office is a combination of Alice in Wonderland and the sort of strategy which resulted in Custer's last stand."

In putting such words into Copper's mouth, Cartoonist Milton Caniff insists that he has nothing against Defense Secretary Robert S. McNamara; he is merely

trying to keep his *Steve Canyon* comic strip topical. Well, that he is. For the chorus of criticism against McNamara is one of the liveliest conversational topics in Washington nowadays.

Most of McNamara's critics acknowledge that he is tremendously able, that he has taken charge at the Pentagon as no civilian has done before him. But they insist that he lacks "heart," has lowered service morale by his treatment of military leaders, relies too heavily on the advice of his civilian "whiz kid" aides and ignores the service professionals. Among the most outspoken critics:

► Hanson W. Baldwin, veteran military affairs analyst of the *New York Times*, lit into McNamara last March in a *Saturday Evening Post* article under the bitter title: "The McNamara Monarchy." Wrote Baldwin: "The 'unification' of the armed services sponsored by McNamara poses some subtle and insidious dangers—creeping dangers . . . that could present, in their ultimate form, almost as great a threat to a secure and free nation as an attempted military coup." In a column distributed to newspapers last month and then ordered killed by the *Times* News Service before publication, Baldwin said: "Weariness, mistrust, recrimination and mutual suspicion, particularly between many of the top civilian and military officials, prevail" in the Pentagon. Uniformed personnel feel, he said, that "top civilians in the Pentagon show too little warmth or sense of leadership, of loyalty down to their subordinates, or of the importance of the human being to the military services in the nuclear age."

► Former Air Force Chief of Staff General Thomas D. White, now a *Newsweek* military columnist and occasional contributor to other publications, recently wrote: "I am profoundly apprehensive of the pipe-smoking, tree-full-of-owls type of so-called professional 'defense intellectuals' who have been brought into this nation's capital. I don't believe a lot of these often overconfident, sometimes arrogant, young professors, mathematicians and other theorists have sufficient worldliness or motivation to stand up to the kind of enemy we face."

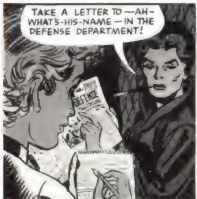
► Author and Syndicated Columnist S.L.A. Marshall, a retired Army brigadier

general, wrote: "McNamara has lost the confidence of the armed services, the majority of the officer corps in the active forces, the majority of retired people and the majority of senior officers in the civilian components." Furthermore, contends Marshall, "there is intense dissatisfaction" with McNamara in Congress, "due to the feeling that he has arrogated powers not properly his, thereby reducing congressional review of defense issues to a rubber stamp." Protests Marshall: "The dignity of man at his work is a value which the Secretary does not understand."

► House Republican Whip Leslie Arends, member of the Armed Services Committee, said: "I-Got-All-the-Answers McNamara is not a military strategist. He may know how to manufacture military weapons, but he has had no training and experience in how military weapons might be employed or their relative value in the formulation of our defense plans."

► The Washington Star's Military Reporter Richard Fryklund wrote that service morale is low, and that "most military people believe Mr. McNamara does not understand people, that he is not interested in people . . . Mr. McNamara seldom visits the troops where they work and live . . . It is rare that he sends a 'well done' to his troops . . . A Defense Secretary with no heart is being equated with a Defense Department with no heart."

McNamara's defenders claim that most of the heat is coming from writers who have long sympathized with the military professionals or from those professionals themselves—the men who are understandably irked by McNamara decisions that jar them out of their accustomed ways. "An awful lot of this criticism is just a result of McNamara's very effectiveness," argues one of his top assistants. Yet these assistants also are urging McNamara to take note of the criticisms and to work harder at his personal relationships. The advice seems sound, since McNamara, who still has the full confidence of the President, has assumed greater centralized power than any previous Defense Secretary. This means that he had better be right in the sweeping decisions that he makes—for a legion of critics stand ready and eager to tear into him the moment they can prove him wrong.



TAKE A LETTER TO—AH—WHAT'S HIS NAME—in the DEFENSE DEPARTMENT!



THE MANNER IN WHICH YOU ARE RUNNING YOUR OFFICE IS A COMBINATION OF ALICE IN WONDERLAND...



AND THE SORT OF STRATEGY WHICH RESULTED IN CUSTER'S LAST STAND...

THE ADMINISTRATION

Travel Orders

Upon announcing that Admiral George W. Anderson Jr. would not be reappointed as Chief of Naval Operations, President Kennedy promised that Anderson would be given a post of "high responsibility." Last week, after an hour's talk with Anderson, the President picked the new job: Ambassador to Dictator Antonio de Oliveira Salazar's Portugal.

As a diplomatic port of call Lisbon is hardly on the grand circuit. It provides such minor challenges as working for steady trade in wine, sardines and cork. There are also the knotty problems of negotiating the renewal of a treaty for continued use of U.S. military bases in the Azores[®] and of smoothing out relations ruffled by U.S. support of U.N. anti-colonial resolutions involving the Portuguese colony of Angola. To make way for Anderson, the present ambassador, C. Burke Elbrick, 55, a career diplomat who has held the Lisbon post since 1958, will be reassigned.

Admiral Anderson has many Portuguese friends, made during numerous visits when he was commander of the Sixth Fleet in the Mediterranean from 1950 to 1961. And Administration officials were pleased to point out that the U.S. is sending an admiral as envoy to a land whose seafaring tradition is still nourished by the long-ago exploits of Prince Henry the Navigator and Vasco da Gama. But even so, for George Anderson the new job is quite a comedown.

HISTORICAL NOTES

My Son the President

The lights in the hall fade. The slide projector goes on, and there on the screen is a picture of John and Jacqueline Kennedy with a towering, dour man about whom 40 million Frenchmen may be right. Says the lecturer's voice of Charles de Gaulle: "What a wonderful leader for the French he has been. How he has sacrificed himself! The women don't make speeches in France, and Madame de Gaulle was quite surprised when I told her what the ladies do over here."

What is this? A professional travelogue? Yes and no. An amateur's vacation report? No and yes. It's the liveliest show on the Massachusetts lecture circuit. It's Rose Kennedy, talking about the places, people and events she knows, loves and remembers best—all for the benefit of charity. Billed as "An Evening with Rose Kennedy," she packs 'em in and sends 'em away delighted.

England Is Raining. Last week, for example, Rose appeared before an audience of 1,000 in Marlborough, Mass., benefit of the town's Newman Catholic Women's Club. She slipped on a slide of Windsor



LECTURER KENNEDY
Don't forget your snuggles.

Castle, delivered a capsule history of Britain's royal family, went on to urge her audience to go to Europe. "It adds meaning and enjoyment to life, especially for the younger people. . . . You hear that places like Ireland and Switzerland are so cold, but it's not true. Don't load your suitcases down with heavy clothing. A couple of pairs of snuggles and a couple of sweaters will do. And before you go home, give them to somebody over there and fill up your valises with perfume."

Onto the screen came a sadly familiar figure. "That," said Rose, "is Mr. Chamberlain with his famous umbrella. It's so apt to rain over there; you should carry one of those plastic umbrellas with you when you go. Mr. Chamberlain's position was not understood in this country. He did the best he could under difficult circumstances."

There was a shot of England's Queen Mother. "After dinner one evening," recalled Rose, "the Queen and I left the men at the table and went upstairs. She asked me if I always got up to see the kids off to school. She said that she did but then went back to bed. I told her that I used to get up for the first six children, but when seven, eight and nine came, I said to myself that this could go on forever. . . ."

A picture of Old Joe Kennedy and the kids with Pope Pius XII reminded Rose that "the Pope gave Teddy his first Holy Communion. I thought with all those spiritual advantages Teddy might become a priest or even a bishop, but he met a beautiful blonde one evening, and that was the end of it."

Tiaras Are Heavy. Amid flashing pictures of Britain's royal family, of table settings for banquets, and of more interiors of Windsor Castle, Rose explained that "King George always signed his name 'George R.' never King George. . . . Roy-

alty wears white so they'll stand out. . . . When dining with the Queen, the ladies always wear tiaras, but they aren't all they're cracked up to be; they're quite heavy on your head."

Rose went to Vienna to meet Mrs. Khrushchev when the President and the Soviet Premier met in 1961. Sure enough, there was a picture of Viennese banquet tables. "Mrs. Khrushchev," said Rose, "impressed me because she spoke English so well. She shows a lot of initiative and fulfills her position very well."

As for the kids in Washington, well, there were plenty of pictures of the White House, the President's office, the bedrooms, and dining rooms with food-filled tables. "That's an artichoke delight," Rose observed of one slide. "In this room, we have cocktails," she said of another.

At one point, without a slide, Rose offered a "word to teen-agers." Said she: "I know many of you mothers are appalled by the drinking that's going on among teen-agers. Please, please tell them that to be sophisticated, to show that you've been places, you don't have to drink. The girl that does will lose her figure, face and looks. Mr. Kennedy never drank before making an important business decision. We were very fortunate in our family. My husband promised each of our children \$1,000 if they did not smoke or drink until they were 21. The oldest boys—Joe Jr. and Jack, went through with it and the girls followed."[®]

And then it was all over. "That's it," announced Rose, whereupon the lights went up and the audience broke into a torrent of applause. Then everybody lined up to shake—as one greying matron put it—"the hand that rocked the cradle of the President of the U.S."

[®] Rose is not exactly right. Jack actually returned the \$1,000. His explanation: "I drank some beer."

[®] From those bases, granted by Salazar in 1944, antisubmarine planes helped turn the tide against German U-boats in the Battle of the Atlantic.

THE HEMISPHERE

CANADA

Bombs in the Quiet Land

For eleven weeks a campaign of terror has rocked the French Canadian province of Quebec, and sent shock waves rippling all across Canada. Last month a bomb explosion killed the night watchman at a Montreal army recruiting center. A fortnight ago, 13 time bombs were found in mailboxes in a Montreal suburb, and a Canadian army explosives expert was critically injured when one of them went off in his face. Last week 18 more sticks of dynamite were found planted in mail-



THE LATE MAURICE DUPLESSIS
After throatlatch, revolution.

boxes in Quebec City, and an explosion shattered offices at the Montreal armory of the Royal Canadian Electrical and Mechanical Engineers.

Bombs may be common in the southern part of the Western Hemisphere, but what was going on in peaceful Canada? Near some of the bomb sites appeared the signature FLQ, meaning *Front de Libération Québécois*. The Front is a lunatic fringe of violent nationalists whose aim is the secession of French-speaking Quebec from the rest of English-speaking Canada. Estimates of its strength run from a handful to a few score—and so far the cops have no idea who the leaders are. But neither Quebec's Premier Jean Lesage nor the federal government of Prime Minister Lester Pearson dismisses the FLQ lightly. For behind the bombs and bombast lie deep-rooted grievances that affect all of French Canada's 5,500,000 citizens. The vast majority of them do not want to be separate. But they do want to be equal.

Second Class. Ever since colonial days, Quebec's French-speaking population has bitterly resented traditional British domination of Canada's economy and government. In 1867, when Canada won self-rule, the fathers of Canadian confederation

wrote into the British North America Act Quebec's inalienable right to its own language, Roman Catholic religion and cultural identity. Just the same, Quebec's citizens believe that their status is still second-class. Partly, French Canadians can blame themselves. For nearly two decades, Quebec was ruled as the personal fief of Premier Maurice Duplessis, who held the province in corrupt, paternalistic thrall. Only after he died could French Canada see clearly where it stood in relation to the rest of the country.

Belatedly, French Canadians fully realized that next door, English-speaking Ontario had become the economic heart of Canada while Quebec remained less developed, its natural resources controlled by outsiders. Moreover, while French Canadians comprised nearly 30% of Canada's population, they held only 13% of the responsible jobs in civil service. They found that although Canada was officially bilingual, French was a working language only in Quebec—a manifestation of what Quebec Natural Resources Minister René Lévesque calls "the Kenya colonist outlook." He adds: "There are already people asking why the English have so many rights and privileges in Quebec when the French don't have them elsewhere."

Bon Mot. One of the principal elsewhere is the federal capital of Ottawa, where a French-speaking civil servant who receives a letter in French must send it to a translation bureau to be put into English. Even French-speaking civil servants are required to communicate with each other in English; it simplifies filing.

Campaigning in last month's national elections, Lester Pearson promised a new deal for French Canada, and so far he has been as *bon as his mot*. A phone call to a federal Cabinet Minister these days brings the answer: "Office of the minister: *bureau du ministre*." At an early Cabinet meeting, Pearson became the first English-speaking Prime Minister in living memory to join in a discussion entirely in French—one in which no fewer than 18 of his 26 ministers could have participated with ease.

Toward a Partnership. Most important of all, Pearson has appointed a minister "in charge of biculturalism," a suave, former economics professor from Quebec City's Laval University named Maurice Lamontagne. His responsibilities range from ordering reinforcements for the hard-pressed translation bureau to setting up a bilingual Institute of Public Affairs as a sort of finishing school (on government time) for new recruits to the civil service. He will also organize a Royal Commission on biculturalism, which will recommend ways "to develop the Canadian confederation on the basis of an equal partnership between the two founding races"—meaning more French in Canada's government, in its schools and over its radio and TV.

In the government's traditional Throne Speech to Parliament, Pearson listed biculturalism as one of Canada's major problems. "I cannot imagine anything at this time more serious to the progress, indeed, to the survival of our country," And, obviously aiming his words at Quebecers agitating for secession, he added: "You cannot have a bicultural country without having a country. So Quebec, to be Quebec, must be Quebec in Canada."

CUBA

Becoming Destructive

The official part of Fidel Castro's marathon visit to Moscow was over, and his beaming host had a few words of farewell before sending the honored guest off to southern Russia to loll in the sun for a while. With Castro standing beside him in Lenin Stadium, Nikita Khrushchev by turns praised Cuba's heroic "revolt against tyranny," pleaded for coexistence with the U.S., and angrily threatened nuclear war if the U.S. dared lay a hand on Cuba. He even rang in the American Declaration of Independence, quoting: "Whenever any form of government becomes destructive . . . it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it." "Not bad words," said Khrushchev approvingly.

But he hardly mentioned new Russian economic aid for Cuba—which will be needed in massive amounts to prevent destruction of an economy that used to provide one of the hemisphere's highest standards of living. Last week a new boatload of 750 refugees landed in Miami with reports of ever higher prices, tighter rations and lower wages. "Cuba is a madhouse," said one bitter arrival. "Our Russian 'experts' live like landlords, we Cubans live like slaves."

Even the Communists no longer try to hide what Labor Minister Augusto Martínez Sánchez last week aptly called "truly a great mess." In a 3½-hr. TV interview, Martínez Sánchez outlined eight new labor categories in which Cuba's 2,400,000 workers soon are to be frozen in a drive to get more work for less pay. To qualify for the maximum pay in each category, workers will have to fulfill new work norms based on productivity. Those who fall short face even further reductions in wages that are already as much as 50% lower than the days before Castro took power.

The latest U.S. estimates put Cuba's gross national product down 30% from the pre-Castro level, and still falling. Mismanagement, shortages of equipment and fertilizer, and some sabotage have cut this year's sugar crop to less than 3,000,000 tons—little more than half the pre-Castro average. Cuba's \$-million debt to Moscow, already some \$300 million, is expected to reach \$800 million by year's end. Food is so short that staples are up 40% since 1958. But that is just

the legal price hike. On the thriving black market that has developed in Cuba, the jump is often 200%. Beef costs \$2 a lb., black beans \$1 a lb., 200 U.S. aspirin \$3, an egg 25¢. Legal clothing prices are up 100%; used shoes bring \$40 a pair on the black market.

Picking up Khrushchev's borrowed words, any Cuban could well ponder whether this form of government had become destructive.

HAITI

Papa & His Boy

"Duvalier or Death," read the crudely lettered placards, and 20,000 bewildered peasants herded into Port au Prince obediently tooted bamboo horns, honked on conch shells, and flew kites with painted pictures of "The Renovator." Having brought a crowd to cheer, the dictator

sponsible for the recent killing of three guards and the attempted kidnaping of Duvalier's two children; since then, his men have fought half a dozen bloody skirmishes with Duvalier's militiamen. "I have many friends who say they are with Duvalier now," he said, "but inside they are with Barbot." If he does topple Duvalier, Barbot promises free elections within six months. But then he, too, wants to be President, and if the people insist he will run in the elections.

PERU

Biography of a Lost Poet

Javier Heraud Pérez was a Peruvian of real promise. His father was a respected Lima lawyer, his older brother a brilliant electronics engineer doing postgraduate study in England, his family one of distinguished lineage. Two years ago, as a

Seven Strangers. Last week Peruvian newspapers were filled with news from the remote jungle village of Puerto Maldonado, on the Madre de Dios River in southern Peru, 35 miles from the Bolivian border. There, one evening, seven bearded young men entered the lobby of a small hotel. Curious about the strangers, a Civil Guard patrol asked for their papers. A youth with a bundle under his arm answered: "We have no papers. What do we need papers for?" The guardsmen ordered the seven to the police station.

In the darkened street outside, the strangers' spokesman suddenly dropped his bundle. He stooped and straightened up with a blazing submachine gun. Civil Guard Sergeant Aquilino Sam Jara fell dead. Other guardsmen returned the fire, dropping two of the bearded strangers as the other five fled in the darkness. In the



HARRY & CLÉMENT BARBOT

After "The Renovator," what?



FRANÇOIS & SIMONE DUVALIER

who masquerades as Haiti's constitutionally elected President, showed himself in public again and again last week, telling his Negro people that Haiti's problems are economic, not political, and that he has no quarrel with "Monsieur Kennedy, who believes that our continent should be a community of free and independent states." Yet everywhere he drove, Duvalier kept his own trusty carbine at the ready.

Duvalier's overture to the U.S. fell on deaf ears. The State Department recalled Ambassador Raymond L. Thurston for "consultation" on U.S. policy in Haiti. How far the U.S. would go was unclear. The question is: After Duvalier, what? The Haitians in exile are poorly organized and mostly led by men whose past records would earn them a small hello. Inside Haiti, Duvalier's strongest enemy is little better than "Papa Doc" himself. He is Clément Barbot, 49, a longtime Duvalier crony and killer, who bossed the dread *Tonton Macoute* gnom squads until Duvalier turned on him in 1960. Barbot spent 18 months in his own jail, then was released and went underground, swearing to assassinate his former mentor.

Last week two U.S. newsmen were taken to Barbot's Haitian hideout, and he and his brother Harry posed for pistol-packing pictures. Barbot claimed that he was re-

19-year-old student of literature at Lima's Catholic University. Javier won acclaim as one of Peru's best young poets when he published his first volume, *El Viaje* (The Journey). In the world of the arts, he had many friends of the far left, but he seemed enough his own master to separate friendship from politics.

One of the Chosen. Soon after the publication of his book, Javier went journeying. His leftist friends offered him a free trip to Russia, and Javier accepted. When he returned, he fell in with a group of young Communist intellectuals who met regularly at the home of Poetess Matilde Marmol, cultural attaché in the Venezuelan embassy—until last year, when Peruvian police discovered that Matilde, unknown to her government, was smuggling Communist propaganda into Peru. Matilde hurried off to Havana. A few months later Javier went too, as one of no Peruvian students offered scholarships in Cuba.

In Havana, Javier's scholarship covered courses at the Instituto de Cine Popular, run by a Cuban professor named Alfredo Guevara (no kin to Che), who gave Fidel Castro some of his first lessons in Marxism. Javier lived at "Peru House," where the house mother is Che Guevara's ex-wife, Peruvian-born Marxist Hilda Gadea. For five months he wrote home faithfully, then the letters stopped.

days that followed, all of the intruders were killed or captured. One of those who lay dead was Poet Javier Heraud Pérez.

Scholars of Revolution. Javier's companions were all university students from upper- or middle-class families. All had traveled to Cuba on scholarships, all had been persuaded to attend Che Guevara's terrorism and guerrilla warfare school at Minas del Erio, all had sneaked back into Peru across the Bolivian border with arms, supplies and money. Their objective, said one of the survivors, was to infiltrate and agitate workers' and peasants' unions in order to prepare the way for the Peruvian revolution. According to the Peruvian government, these seven were only a small part of a larger force operating in the jungle area along the Bolivian border.

While Fidel Castro continues to claim that he is not exporting Communist revolution to the rest of Latin America—and some people who should know better seem to believe him—the incident in Puerto Maldonado pointed up the dangerous truth. Wrote the editor of Lima's *La Prensa*, former Premier Pedro Beltrán: "Peru, and every American country including the U.S., will remain subject to grave danger as long as Cuba is permitted to operate as a center of ideological, military and economic subversion for Communism."

THE WORLD

EUROPE

First, the Shell

In major diplomatic conferences on both sides of the Atlantic, the U.S. last week confronted the new, assertive Europe. At Geneva, the U.S. started to bargain for its future economic relations with the Common Market which is just five years old and is already the world's biggest trading bloc. At Ottawa, in recognition of its allies' new strength, the U.S. initiated the slow, painful process of sharing with Europe control of NATO's nuclear armory. If neither conference produced dramatic results, both narrowly skirted breakdowns that might have gravely damaged the Atlantic partnership.

Naked Europeans. Despite France's aversion to tariff-cutting, U.S. negotiators at Geneva hoped to achieve far-reaching liberalization of world trade through President Kennedy's Trade Expansion Act. Special Envoy Christian Herter and his 50-man delegation—who were dubbed "Onward Christian Soldiers" by the press corps—aimed for an agreement whereby Europe and the U.S. would make big, equal, across-the-board percentage cuts on huge categories of goods. Nothing doing, retorted the Europeans, who pointed out that U.S. tariffs are generally higher than Europe's while the highest U.S. tariffs cover far more goods (20% of all U.S. tariffs are over 10% vs. 1% of Europe's).

Thus, protested Eurocrats, if European nations cut their already lower tariffs by the same percentage as the U.S., they would end up "naked," while the U.S. would still be comparatively well pro-

tected. In any case, shrugged Europeans, the U.S. in 1962 earned nearly twice as much (\$4.4 billion) in the Common Market as it bought from the Six. So why make things easier for the Americans?

Inside the Egg. The talks actually had broken down, when West Germany's Ludwig Erhard devised the last-ditch compromise that proved acceptable to John F. Kennedy. It calls for both sides to make equal across-the-board percentage reductions, as proposed by the U.S.—though they will probably fall far short of the ideal 30% envisaged by Washington. In return, the U.S. agreed in principle to make drastic cuts in the highest tariff categories. Since the fine print will not actually be negotiated until May 1964, some U.S. and British officials were fearful, as one put it, that "France has only moved her roadblock down the road." Concluded Erhard: "We are agreed on the shell of an egg. What will be in the egg, we do not know."

At Ottawa everyone knew what was in the egg, but no one knew what to call it. Well in advance of last week's semiannual NATO Council meeting, the U.S. and its allies had agreed on a new addition to NATO's alphabetical armory: IANF, meaning interallied nuclear force. A limited first step toward giving NATO its own nuclear deterrent IANF now consists mainly of 180 British V-bombers and three Mediterranean-based U.S. Polaris submarines that the two nations will turn over to NATO command. While it also includes 60 French tactical bombers, for which the U.S. controls the nuclear warheads, the French government hinted that

it might withdraw them if IANF were made to seem bigger and more powerful—as it is—than France's vaunted *force de frappe*. Thus the Allies agreed that if France agreed not to make any scenes at Ottawa, IANF would be nameless. It soon became known as "That Thing."

By any name, the new force is intended to give the NATO Allies a greater sense of participation in nuclear strategy, but will do little to increase their actual role in the defense of Europe. A more significant development, in the U.S. view, would be formation of a multilateral force (MLF), comprising some 20 Polaris-firing surface vessels that would be jointly owned, crewed—and paid for—by the participating allies. Its main purpose, of course, would be to accommodate West Germany's eagerness for a nuclear role commensurate with its economic and political power. But the U.S. will have to yield far more if it is to meet its allies' demands for control of their own nuclear defense. In Ottawa, as at Geneva, the dialogue had barely begun.

AFRICA

A Small Taste of Unity

In the cavernous, thatched-roof banquet hall of Addis Ababa's Menelik Palace, 30 colorfully garbed African heads of state and 2,000 other guests, all backslapping and jovial, were feasting at the board of their medaled host, Ethiopian Emperor Haile Selassie. As waiters in green-and-gold livery moved among food-laden tables, the throng fell to on caviar, roast chicken, spiced lamb and *watt* (spongy Ethiopian bread), washed down with hundreds of gallons of French wine, Ethiopian honey wine, and vintage champagne. Then, as the clock ticked past midnight, everybody sat back to watch the Emperor's select group of flimsily clad dancing girls writhe to the tootles of the Imperial Bodyguard Band.

Nkrumah for President. For all their camaraderie at Haile Selassie's party, not all the delegates to Africa's first "summit conference" last week were pals. Tunisia's Habib Bourguiba loathes Ghana's power-seeking Kwame Nkrumah who is jealous of Egypt's Gamal Abdel Nasser who despises the Ivory Coast's Félix Houphouët-Boigny who in turn is contemptuous of Senegal's Poet-President Léopold Senghor.

The antagonisms became amply evident during the long oratory that flowed out of the conference work site, Haile Selassie's proud, new Africa Hall. "Eyes glittering, Nkrumah took the floor to demand 'Unity Now!' in the form of a vast United States of Africa, ruled by a bicameral Congress and a strong presidency (which, no one doubted, Nkrumah feels himself eminently qualified to occupy). Nkrumah likened the Addis Ababa meeting to the 1787 Constitutional Congress in Philadelphia, whose delegates, he said, thought of themselves not as 'Virginians' or 'Pennsylvanians,' but simply Ameri-



NATO MEETING IN OTTAWA
Some called it "That Thing."

cans." Cried Ghana's self-styled Redeemer: "We meet here today not as Ghanaians, Guineans, Egyptians, Algerians, Moroccans, Malians, Liberians, Congolese, or Nigerians, but as Africans."

Slap for Kwame. There was polite applause, but much of the audience was lukewarm to the ambitious scheme. Malagasy's President Philibert Tsiranana replied candidly: "You cannot decree a text for African unity. Many of our states are not mature enough." Uzing a slower, step-by-step approach, Sir Abubakar Tafawa Balewa, the able Prime Minister of Nigeria, Africa's most populous state (42 million, six times Ghana's population), took the opportunity to spank Nkrumah for his notorious meddling in his African neighbors' affairs. "Unity cannot be achieved as long as African countries continue subversion against others," Balewa declared. He drew a storm of cheers, and even Nkrumah's old friend, Modibo Keita of Mali, joined in to denounce "black imperialism." With the conference obviously in no mood for grandstanding Egypt's ubiquitous Gamal Abdel Nasser prudently confined himself to generalities.

Africa's summiters did manage to put together an agreement of sorts in their four days of talks. In a marathon final session, the delegates solemnly and unanimously adopted a draft charter for a loose "Organization of African Unity." To go into effect when ratified by two-thirds of Africa's nations, the scheme calls for a heads-of-state gathering every year, a permanent council of ministers (with no real powers), and a permanent secretariat. Pending ratification, a provisional secretariat will be set up in Addis Ababa, to the delight of Haile Selassie, who dreams of making his ramshackle capital Africa's capital as well. Under the plan, committees would be formed to mediate intra-African disputes, promote economic and social progress, joint defense, and mount a common front against Africa's remaining vestiges of colonialism and white supremacy.

ITALY

An Anxious Moment

Italy had a new Premier-designate last week. Out after nearly three years in office was scrappy little Amintore Fanfani, tagged with most of the blame for heavy Christian Democratic losses in last month's national elections. Summoned to Rome's Quirinal Palace by President Antonio Segni to get the nod as Premier was cautious, quiet Aldo Moro, secretary-general of the Christian Democratic Party.

Moro, 46, was the party's unanimous choice for the job; for good measure their Cabinet partners—the Social Democrats and the Republicans—also supported him. Even Pietro Nenni's left-wing Socialists, so far excluded from the Cabinet but whose 87 votes in the Chamber of Deputies can make or break the *apertura a sinistra* (opening to the left), did not oppose Moro. The new Premier's backing, however, was far less solid than it seemed and so is the future of stable government in Italy.



SUMMIT CONFERENCE IN ADDIS ABABA
All learned what's what.

Taller But Sadder. Hoping to capitalize on the divisions in non-Communist ranks, Communist Boss Palmiro Togliatti, whose Reds were the biggest gainers in last month's balloting (winning 26% of the vote), warned that "the first phase of an extremely acute and bitter" political era had opened, and demanded that Reds be brought into the Cabinet. Nenni, under heavy pressure from his onetime Red allies to push the center-left coalition further left, threatened to do just that. In advance of a crucial Socialist Party congress in July, Nenni declared that he would demand "more advanced positions" as the price of his continued participation in the alliance.

From the other end of the political spectrum, the free-enterprising Liberals, who also made impressive election gains, were hopping mad. Liberal Leader Giovanni Malagodi bitterly labeled Moro "a taller, sadder Fanfani, but no less dangerous"; he promised to wage the "severest possible opposition" to the *apertura*.

Future Reforms. Last week it was the able Malagodi, 58, who made the most telling points against the philosophy of the center-left coalition and its schemes for more centralized government planning. He did not accuse the *apertura*'s backers of being Communists, because they are not. But he bluntly stated the fear of many that the concept will in the long run make things easier for the Communists. "The big, positive things call for courage and a new political approach," he cried. "Taken together, they add up to an all-out fight against Communism." The opening to the left is founded on political ambiguity and a mistaken program. Both of these things encourage Communism as is confirmed by the new Communist threats.

Moro believes in the opening to the left; in fact, he was one of its architects. He argues that socially, Italy needs the reforms (taxes, schools, agriculture) that the *apertura* contemplates. And he is convinced that politically, only the *apertura* can bring stable government to Italy under present conditions. He might well be wrong, as the Christian Democrats' loss and the Reds' gains at the polls suggest. But Moro is determined to keep the coalition alive. "It is," as Moro put it last week, "an anxious moment for our country."

GREAT BRITAIN

Trolope, Not Tide

BETTER EDUCATION, NEW INDUSTRIES, BETTER TRANSPORT. That promise, in five columns of type across newspaper pages, was made last week by the Conservative Party, launching its first advertising campaign since its You-Never-Had-It-So-Good series in 1950. The Tories' new theme: "Britain is modernizing now—and only the Conservatives have got what it takes to see the job through."

Though the government has yet to set a date for the election, the costly manifesto suggested that Prime Minister Macmillan intends to go to the people sooner rather than later—perhaps in the fall. Next day the Opposition burst into print with its own long-planned ad campaign featuring a new symbol, a well-knuckled Thumbs Up—the toiler's equivalent of the Tory V-for-Victory gesture—and the slogan: LET'S GO WITH LABOR. The Laborites devoted half of their first bold spread to a picture of Party Leader Harold Wilson—for once without a pipe—and used the rest of the space to explain the "changes the new Labor government



intends to make." They ranged from a shake-up in industry ("too many directors sitting in board rooms because of their family background") to an expanded scientific program to "prevent our best brains from taking jobs abroad."

If there was nothing startlingly new in Labor's promises—or, for that matter, in the Tories' copy—many Britons were astonished that the socialists had taken any advertising at all. After the 1950 election campaign, Laborites thundered that the Tories' ad agency had used "Madison Avenue methods" to "sell Macmillan like a detergent."

When he projects his own image, Harold Macmillan sounds more like Trollope than Tide. In an interview with Publisher Jocelyn Stevens in last week's issue of *Queen* magazine, the Prime Minister indulged in some mellow ruminations that could never have been cued by an adman:

On Power. I never had any feeling about becoming Prime Minister. I took things as they came and still do. Power is like a Dead Sea fruit. When you achieve it, there's nothing there. The art of government is mixing the thinkers and doers.

On Himself. Yes I am sensitive to criticism. One has to be. There are moments when I loathe everybody, and then I retire and read Gibbon for a few hours . . . I am a Highlander. That's why I'm so pale. It's true I get a bit tired, but I soon pop up again.

On His Wardrobe. My clothes Edwardian! I thought that cardigans were rather smart at the moment. I always wear the same suit. When it wears out, I tell my tailors to send me another around.

On Likes & Dislikes. What do I dislike? Questions in the House of Commons; I can't bear them. What else? Things that have no purpose—formalities—like the function I'm going to this evening. What I really like to do is go off with Dorothy

in the car, alone, to Scotland. Where the hedges cease, there is real freedom . . . No, I don't get enough exercise, though yesterday I had a four-hour walk through the woods. I went to see my gamekeeper; he wasn't too hopeful about next season's prospects.

Migration Fever

Aboard the P. & O.'s newest luxury liner *Canberra*, when she sailed from Southampton one afternoon last week, were 1,700 Britons who had paid only \$28 each for the 21-day, 12,000-mile voyage to Australia. If the tourist-class passengers were getting a bargain, they represented an even greater boon for population-hungry Australia, which still likes to boast that it is "more purely British than Britain" and has spent \$128 million since 1945 to lure close to a million emigrants from the mother country.

Historically, as "assisted" emigrants, the *Canberra's* passengers were only following in the wake of the first bigload of British convicts who sailed somewhat less stylishly into Sydney Cove in January 1788. What has astonished officials in Whitehall and Sydney is that Britons are leaving their affluent isle for Australia in greater numbers today than at any time since 1949, when their country was at the grey nadir of postwar austerity. In the first four months of 1963, London's Australia House has received more applications for exile-made-easy than it got in all of 1962. Altogether, counting emigrants who pay their way, a record 51,000 "Pommies," as Britons are called Down Under, are expected to join the ranks of New Australians by the end of the fiscal year.

Australia wooes "new blokes" through lavish advertising campaigns and a big network of immigration officers throughout Britain. But this does not explain the British migration fever, Canada, which actively solicits only professional workers—such as nurses and scientists and does not subsidize their passage, expects the 1963 influx from Britain to be double or triple last year's 16,055 total. New Zealand immigration officials say that they too have had a "fantastic" surge of applications. "We're just trying to hold them off," says one. "We just don't have all that much room." One-third more Britons have also applied for permanent visas to the U.S., though in the past they have filled only 35% of their annual immigration quota.

Over the years, nine of every ten British emigrants have said they wanted to give their children a better chance in life. These days, they blame Britain's cruel winter of 1962-63, its housing shortage (which is little better in Australia) and the recent economic slump (though few who leave are unemployed). But the biggest single reason for the exodus seems simply to be that the young and the talented feel restive and repressed in today's diminished Britain. For them, as for their ancestors who set out to conquer an empire, opportunity is a ship that leaves Southampton.

FRANCE

Après De Gaulle

Blossoming chestnuts cast their shade over the bookstalls along the Seine, traffic wheeled insanely around the Place de l'Etoile, and the first tourists with their cameras sank contentedly last week into chairs at sidewalk cafés.

But to French politicians, the coming of spring meant revival of that heady atmosphere they call "Après De Gaulle." With presidential elections just two years away, it has simultaneously occurred to many pundits that De Gaulle may become ill, die, be assassinated, or just decide not to run. The infectious presidential fever has spread to all parties. On the non-Gaullist side, possible candidates range from Antoine Pinay (at 71, he may be too old) to the last Premier of the Fourth Republic, Pierre Pflimlin, to the glib Radical spokesman, Maurice Faure. The Socialists have contenders in veteran Guy Mollet and the shrewd, affable mayor of Marseille, Gaston Defferre.

Most prominent on the Gaullist side are Premier Georges Pompidou, the National Assembly's tennis-playing President Jacques Chaban-Delmas and ex-Premier Michel Debré. Recently elected as a Deputy from Réunion Island, Debré cannily refused the confining job of faction leader of the Gaullists in order to establish himself as Mr. Fixit for problems throughout the country. Under the spur of Debré's competition, Pompidou is now functioning more like a politician and less like a hanker turned statesman. In nationwide broadcasts, he has proved to be a relaxed, avuncular performer and has displayed wit as well as competence in the National Assembly.

Into this list of hopefuls, the intellectual, left-wing *L'Express* last week introduced a weirdly different suggestion. It claimed that De Gaulle's own choice as his successor is none other than Henri



HENRI D'ORLÉANS
Better than Mr. Fixit?

d'Orléans, 54, Comte de Paris, descendant of King Henri IV, and Pretender to the throne of France, *L'Express* pointed to the warm personal friendship between the count and De Gaulle, recalled that *le grand Charles's* earliest political sympathies were monarchist, and noted that the Count's Gaullist leanings had made him a target of a bombing by Secret Army terrorists. *L'Express* concluded: "This vision is one which haunts De Gaulle's meditations, and it would reconcile two heretofore antagonistic principles—monarchy and republic—in a single legitimacy, that of royal descent and universal suffrage."

Only trouble with this vision is that *L'Express* hates De Gaulle and would be the last paper to know what he is thinking. Paris-Press characterized the story as little more than "a good question to toss out to get a dinner conversation going."

MONACO

Prince Valiant

Peace came last week in the bitter struggle between the Riviera rivals, France and Monaco. "There were concessions on both sides," insisted a French diplomat. True enough, but who else these days is wringing concessions from Charles de Gaulle? Not Kennedy, Macmillan or Khrushchev. Only stubborn, tenacious Prince Rainier.

The crisis began last year, when France issued an ultimatum ordering Monaco to align its tax structure with France and end its status as a haven for free-lancing French corporations and businessmen. The Monégasques, enraged at the prospect of losing their freedom to pay no income tax to anyone, rallied behind their Prince. Rainier struck back at De Gaulle by issuing a series of three stamps commemorating Louis XII's recognition of Monaco's independence in 1512. Both sides mobilized their resources. France had nuclear bombs and 600,000 battle-tested soldiers v. Monaco's 80-man palace guard and 170 policemen. France could also cut off Monaco's gas, electricity, postal and telegraph services. But Monaco had a sharper weapon: ridicule. Moreover, Prince Rainier's little principality could halt the "Blue Train" as it passed through Monte Carlo to the Italian border, and could revoke its agreement to collect garbage in the adjacent French town of Beausoleil.

There were some tense moments last fall when French police set up a customs post at Monaco's border and began stopping cars, but cooler heads at last prevailed. Throughout the long winter months, delegates of both states hammered out six separate treaties covering everything from taxes (no income tax for Monégasques or longtime French residents of the principality) to postal rates. Monaco emerged largely victorious. When the treaty was signed last week, Prince Rainier and Princess Grace ended a tour of the U.S., flew back home to receive a grateful welcome from their still tax-free Monégasque subjects.



KURDISH LEADER MUSTAFA BARZANI
Worse than the King of Persia and Tissaphernes.

IRAQ

The Men of the Mountains

There the Greeks spent a happy night, with plenty to eat, talking about the struggle now past. For they had been seven days passing through the country of the Kurds, fighting all the time, and they had suffered worse things at the hands of the Kurds than all that the King of Persia, and his general, Tissaphernes, could do to them.

—Anabasis of Xenophon.

Enemies of the Kurds have always had a hard time of it, from Xenophon and his ten thousand Greeks in 400 B.C., through Persians, Mongols, Turks, Crusaders, Arabs and British, up to this year, when the regime of Iraq's Karim Kassem was bled white by the effort to crush one more uprising of the ever-rebellious Kurds.



Deep Strike. In Baghdad last week, the new Iraqi regime that deposed and killed Kassem in February finally faced up to the issue of peace or continued war with the Kurdish leader, Mustafa Barzani. "The very day of the revolt against Kassem," said an angry Kurdish rebel, "the new Iraqi Revolutionary Command called for Kurdish support. With the revolution, the Iraqi armed forces were totally disorganized, and we could easily have struck deep into Iraq. Instead we accepted their promises and held our fire."

What the Kurds are demanding is regional autonomy with a Kurdish legislature and executive council, a proportionate share for Kurds of all revenues, oil royalties and foreign aid and, finally, special Kurdish army units with the sole right to garrison Kurdistan. The Iraqi government last week stiffly rejected the Kurdish memorandum, offering them instead only local self-government in a restricted mountain area that would have excluded virtually all major Kurdish population centers.

Three Plagues. The Kurdish homeland begins above Biblical Mount Ararat and extends south in a long, mountainous loop to the Persian Gulf (see map). Because of the accidents of history and their own inability to unite, the estimated 6,000,000 Kurds are today divided among five different nations: the Soviet Union, Turkey, Syria, Iran and Iraq.

Like the Kurdish landscape, the Kurdish character has remained constant for thousands of years. Many Kurds are tall, fair-skinned and blue-eyed. Of life they ask little more than flocks of broad-tailed sheep, a fine horse, a rifle with sufficient cartridge bandoleers, and a woman who can bear strong sons. For generations, the lowland Arab has been terrorized by the mountain Kurd. An Arab proverb says, "There are three plagues in the world: the rat, the locust and the Kurd." The Kurds reply, "A camel is not an animal, and an Arab is not a human being."

Of Iraq's 7,000,000 people, at least 1,500,000 are Kurds. They live in the

foothills of the Zagros Mountains, and are divided into 22 major and 54 minor tribes. Unlike the Arabs on the river plains, they are hard-working and full of bounce.

Broad-shouldered Mustafa Barzani, 60, has spent most of his adult life fighting for independence. After World War II, with Russian backing, Barzani became military boss of the Soviet-inspired Kurdish People's Republic in Iran and, when it collapsed, was for twelve years in exile in the Soviet Union. The younger brother of the ruling sheik of the Barzani tribe, Barzani denies he is a Communist, but echoes other Kurdish leaders who say that if war breaks out again the Kurds will

TURKEY

Insurrection II

As commandant of the Ankara War College, Turkey's West Point, Colonel Talat Aydemir last year decided to treat his cadets to a sort of after-hours seminar in current events. His subject was the slow pace of government reform under Premier Ismet Inonu. To speed things up, Aydemir, 43, a tough ex-artillery officer, suggested that the lads support him in an armed rebellion against the shaky Inonu regime. But everyone flunked the final exam in Insurrection I—an abortive coup led by Aydemir in February 1962 that fizzled out in six hours. Teacher lost his

dead and 26 others wounded, including Aydemir's successor as commandant of the War College, who was shot in the leg by his own cadets when he tried to persuade them to surrender.

Arrested along with Aydemir were about 20 other ex-officers accused as ring-leaders of the uprising. They will go on trial before a military court, and most Turks doubted that they will live long enough to try Insurrection III.

EGYPT

Everyone's Delighted

As the troops swung down Cairo's streets last week, the city gave them a delicious welcome. Men waved green branches, women flung flowers from balconies, girls broke through police lines to loop garlands over the soldiers' necks, and children scrambled up trees and statues. Everyone screamed "Marhab bil abdal!" (Welcome to the heroes) as white pigeons wheeled overhead, helicopters displayed military flags, and MIG fighter squadrons thundered past.

The 3,000 troops, the first veterans to return home from the seven-month civil war in Yemen, formed up in Republic Square, where President Gamal Abdel Nasser mounted the dais, advanced to a battery of microphones and cried: "O Men! Faithful sons of your nation, image of its heroes, vanguard of its march to freedom, socialism and unity, you have witnessed on your way here the delight of your nation over your victorious return!" The soldiers clearly shared the nation's delight, for even Egypt's poverty-stricken villages would look good after the harsh wilderness of Yemen.

Nasser's 34-minute speech contained menace as well as hyperbole. He got down to cases about his intentions in Yemen, where, up till now, each returning battalion has been replaced by an equal number of new Egyptian levies. Egyptians would remain in Yemen, he said, "until it is ascertained beyond any shadow of a doubt, and beyond deception, that the reactionary elements have, as a result of their defeat, contained their rancor against the revolution."

He also sounded a warning to his Baath party rivals in Syria, who had just purged their regime of pro-Nasser elements. But his words were curiously mild. During the twelve days of Nasser's trip to Algeria and Yugoslavia, Radio Cairo had made the air waves blue with abuse of Syria's Baathist leaders. On his return, Nasser abruptly choked off the broadcast vituperation. He gave a place of honor to a visiting Syrian delegation during his Republic Square speech and conferred lengthily with the Syrians until their quiet return to Damascus at midweek. He had clearly decided that the moment was not yet ripe for a showdown with Baath leaders in both Iraq and Syria, especially since the projected tri-state United Arab Republic is still not formed. But the fight was not over, and if the past was any guide, it would not be long before Radio Cairo was aiming curses at the Arabs who stand in the way of Gamal Abdel Nasser.



TURKISH SOLDIERS SURROUNDING PARLIAMENT
Teacher and students flunked again.

"accept all the help we can get from anyone"—Russians included.

Shoot on Sight. At week's end, as their delegates still wrangled in Baghdad, both the Kurdish rebels and the Iraqi army prepared for the worst. The government proclaimed a dusk-to-dawn curfew around northern Iraq's oilfields, pump stations, airfields, and military depots, warned that violators would be "shot on sight." Iraqi troops blocked all roads leading into the Zagros Mountains. Nearly three-quarters of the army was busy building concrete pillboxes and fortifications covering the mountain passes.

But during the cease-fire the Kurds were not idle. Food has been stockpiled, arms replenished, and a standing army of 45,000 readied for battle, backed by a reserve of 100,000. The rebels are buttressed by scores of Kurdish officers who deserted from the Iraqi army, and are linked by a network of 100 captured field radio sets. But at week's end, the government called for more negotiations and promised to reconsider Kurdish demands. In turn, the Kurds agreed to hold up hostilities. "We don't want the responsibility for starting the war again," said a Kurdish spokesman, "but we and the government are far apart. It's like the distance from ground to sky."

job and his uniform, and the cadets were disciplined. Undaunted, former Colonel Aydemir, some 200 other ex-army officers and about 300 cadets last week tried Insurrection II: they flunked again.

The revolt began shortly after midnight when mutineers stormed the Ankara radio station and broadcast a declaration that the "Revolutionary Headquarters of the Armed Forces" was taking over the country. Roused from their sleep, loyal army troops raced to the scene, regaining control of the microphones briefly, only to lose it once again to the insurgents. The claims and counterclaims going out over the air waves were all very confusing to the folks tuned in at home. In the distance, they could also hear the rumble of tanks manned by rebel cadets, and the whoosh of government air force F-100 jets that were spraying the rebels with machine-gun fire from rooftop level.

When at last it was clear that the revolutionaries were clearly outgunned, Aydemir, who had again donned his colonel's uniform, raced for safety back to the War College. As government troops threatened to level the building, he sneaked out a back door, later was captured in a friend's home while changing back to civilian clothes. The revolt was ended less than twelve hours after it started. Seven were



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ANDRADE & NETO

ANGOLA

Bond of Blood

Portuguese infantry patrols in northern Angola peered at the skies last week and waited prayerfully for the end of the rains. In the third year of their campaign to quell a stubborn native revolt against Portuguese rule, government forces counted on dry weather to throw armored units and paratroops against the African guerrillas, who throughout the rainy season had mercilessly harassed the bogged-down Europeans.

Nonetheless, government troops this season face tougher odds than ever before in the 2,000 sq. mi. battle zone, known to the colonists as the Rotten Triangle. The rebels, admitted a Portuguese officer, have "tremendously" improved their tactics and firepower in recent months. Shuttling freely into Angola from Congolese bases across the 400-mile northern border, wily terrorist bands have replaced machetes and *canhangulas*, their crude, homemade muzzle-loaders, with Belgian Mausers, U.S. carbines and Czech machine guns. And, unlike Portugal's 50,000-man expeditionary force, they know every inch of the terrain. Says a longtime white administrator: "It would take 100,000 men to clean up the Triangle."

The Rivals. The bloody fight for Angola is the only shouting war still raging in Africa. To win it and "liberate" the continent's biggest colonial territory, African leaders in Addis Ababa last week vociferously supported Algerian Premier Ahmed ben Bella's call to "establish a bond of blood" with the Angolan nationalists. The war is a grievous burden for tiny Portugal, which already has Western Europe's lowest living standard. But strongman Antonio de Oliveira Salazar, 74, is by now too deeply committed to preservation of Angola as a "province" of Portugal to yield the Africans even token self-government without imperiling his own 31-year reign in Lisbon. Despite the steady rise in the guerrillas' strength and effectiveness, Salazar's best hope of vic-

tory lies in the bitter enmity between the two nationalist movements that are struggling to win Angola's independence.

Aid from Mulattoes. The rival rebel groups, both based across the border in the Congolese capital of Leopoldville, often seem more intent on destroying each other than the Portuguese. The Popular Movement for Liberation of Angola (M.P.L.A.) is led by smooth, Sorbonne-educated Mário Pinto de Andrade, 34, a mulatto whose backing comes mainly from other *assimilados*, the educated half-castes who have long had full Portuguese citizenship; to widen its appeal, however, an Angolan black, Poet Agostinho Neto, was recently made M.P.L.A.'s nominal leader. Andrade, who, like most of Salazar's foes, is often denounced as a Communist, is an astute politician and an able organizer. He has built a nationwide following among the mulatto elite who would be the logical leaders of independent Angola, and last week in Addis Ababa urged Africa's states-

men to help lance "the abscess of rivalry" between the two movements.

Andrade's offer of cooperation was rejected by his implacable foe, Holden Roberto, 38, a member of the far-flung Bakongo tribe, whose Union of Angolan Peoples (U.P.A.) has powerful support from the Congo's Premier Cyrille Adoula. Roberto's longtime friend, the U.P.A. has received aid from Tunisia as well. With a training camp near Thysville, 40 miles from the Congolese border, Roberto's guerrillas are the only militarily effective rebel group in Angola, though they have not succeeded in extending the conflict beyond the Triangle, where the Bakongo and allied tribesmen are dominant.

"Nobody's Puppets." Nonetheless, Roberto's U.P.A. has fought off insurgents from Andrade's movement. This month at a makeshift hospital in Leopoldville, three young, Algerian-trained M.P.L.A. fighters told a grim tale of an ambush at the Luge River, deep inside the Triangle, in which Roberto's men massacred the rest of their 14-man guerrilla unit. The U.P.A. leader is just as fiercely determined to resist intervention from any other quarter. To Algeria's offer of 10,000 volunteers to fight in Angola, Roberto snapped: "We will kill them if they show up. We are nobody's puppets." Roberto, who promises a "big move soon," is expected to open a second front in the rich, cotton-growing Malange area, where a savage native uprising was stamped out in 1961. With the Congo's Katanga province now under Leopoldville's control, the anti-Portuguese rebels could start moving in through Angola's "back door," as well.

Roberto has reason to be confident. It took the French five years and 500,000 troops to achieve even a stalemate in Algeria. Portugal is hard pressed to field one-tenth as many men.

But Lisbon and Leopoldville may soon have little say in the war. The governments of Egypt, Ghana, Guinea and Algeria last week reached broad agreement on a plan to funnel equal aid to Mário Pinto de Andrade's M.P.L.A. and Holden



Roberto's group. In Angola the Portuguese themselves have become increasingly skeptical of Salazar's ability to suppress the rebellion. Hard-bitten Portuguese colonists, many of whom were born in Angola, have already organized their own paramilitary Volunteer Corps to fight the guerrillas and, if necessary, to wage an O.A.S.-style campaign to preserve white supremacy in Angola. "This is our war," vowed one grim-faced plantation owner last week. "We'll all be killed rather than move out."

ISRAEL

The Man Without Enemies

To the ceremonial blare of a ram's horn, Israel's third President was sworn into office last week. He was Schneor Zalman Shazar, 73, a balding, bespectacled scholar of Jewish history. The country's first Minister of Education, he was elected by the Knesset to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Izhak Ben-Zvi last month. Russian-born Shazar emigrated to Palestine via Central Europe during the '20s,* was hand-picked for the job by an old political crony, Premier David Ben-Gurion. Shazar has another important qualification. As Ben-Gurion puts it, he is "a man without enemies."

Normally soft-spoken, Shazar is an impassioned, skillful orator when he gets onto a speaker's platform. During last month's commemoration of the Warsaw ghetto uprising, Shazar brought the audience to tears simply by repeating the word "Warsaw" in hushed tones before beginning his address; on another occasion he was so carried away by his own oratory that he fell off the stage and had to be taken to the hospital for a badly sprained leg. Shazar is also notoriously absent-minded. Years ago in Poland, the story goes, he boarded a train only to find that he had lost his rail ticket. Assured by the conductor that he could buy another, Shazar replied: "I know, but if I don't find the ticket I won't know where I'm going."

INDONESIA

Present & Future

It has been a month of hatred in Indonesia. More than 500 shops in Bandung were wrecked in a single day. At Sukabumi, youthful rioters hurled six automobiles over a precipice. Fistfights were common in dozens of other towns and villages.

The ugly violence has one common denominator: all the victims were Chinese, that minority of 3,000,000 among Indonesia's 97 million which by hard work and nimble brain has extracted wealth from the overheated, forested archipelago of President Sukarno. The racial bitterness

beats even Birmingham, for despite repeated government efforts to crack their economic power, the Chinese—sometimes operating through middlemen to circumvent official sanctions—still control trade, agriculture, small industry, the black market and other forms of commerce. "Go into even the smallest village in Indonesia," an Indonesian army officer once complained, "and you will find one man whose house has electric lights and a refrigerator. That man will be Chinese."

"We Are Hungry." There is nothing new in Indonesia's prejudice, since the overseas Chinese have been running things there for years. But feeling against the Chinese has risen higher as Indonesia has slid toward the brink of economic ruin. Inflation is out of control; banknotes in



SUKARNO IN TOKYO
The buss was waiting.

circulation have doubled in the past year, and the U.S. dollar, officially pegged at 45 rupiahs, now gets 1,500 rupiahs on the black market. A good sarong costs a worker three months' pay, and one Indonesian airline pilot has complained that he can make ends meet only by smuggling in cameras from Hong Kong. Government-subsidized schoolbooks are too expensive for some students. There are periodic rice shortages, and production of rubber, copra, and tin on expropriated Dutch estates has declined sharply under the management of fumbling government bureaucrats. Students have staged demonstrations with banners screaming: "We are hungry."

Resentment against the rich, well-fed Chinese minority finally exploded after a fistfight between an Indonesian student and a Chinese student at Bandung's Institute of Technology. When a youthful rioter was shot by police in one town, mobs with bamboo clubs herded Chinese from their houses and made them bow their heads as his funeral procession passed by. Firing over the heads of a screaming throng in Bandung, police brought down a power line which electrocuted two Indonesians.

Prone to Enjoy. Predictably, Indonesia's President Sukarno blamed neither himself nor his chaotic economic policies for the riots, said that they were caused by "counter-revolutionaries trying to capitalize on the food and clothing situation and on the Chinese minority problem." He went right ahead with plans to squeeze out Western oil companies, though in the process he risked losing the source of one-third of his nation's total export earnings.

Not one to be disturbed long by mere economic questions, Sukarno was more interested in tenure. So as to be able to cope with any future disorders, he had his rubber stamp Congress "appoint" him to the presidency for life. "This decision might not entirely live up to certain constitutional requirements," harrumphed an Indonesian Cabinet Minister. "but it should be remembered that it is a political revolutionary product and not a legalistic product." With his continued career thus assured, Sukarno flew off for what was described as a long rest in Japan, Belgrade, Vienna, Rome, and France, which he is always prone to enjoy. At Sukarno's stop in Tokyo last week, the buss was waiting at the airport—in the form of three delectable things overdressed for the occasion.

LAOS

The Tortoise & the Hare

A monsoon downpour rained on the Plain of Jars last week—and so did a barrage of Communist Pathet Lao artillery and mortar shells. In an effort to consolidate last month's ground gains on the Plain, the Reds began pinpoint artillery attacks on the last remaining Neutralist toe holds on the plateau, as well as on the headquarters of Neutralist Army Leader General Kong Le at Muong Phan, just west of the Plain. Typically, the Reds blamed the U.S. for the resumption of hostilities, said that "the Americans have given orders to the reactionaries of Kong Le to attack our forces."

Even as the troika-like International Control Commission of India, Poland, and Canada, which was set up to police Laotian neutrality, tried to restore the peace, it lost one of its three heads. Communist Poland recalled its ICC representative to Warsaw in the wake of vigorous U.S. protests that the Pole's "obstructionist tactics" and deliberate boycott of ICC field observation work were sabotaging efforts to maintain a cease-fire between the Neutralists and the Pathet Lao.

As the sporadic artillery duel continued, Neutralist Premier Souvanna Phouma desperately tried to get his pro-Communist half-brother, Pathet Lao Leader Prince Souphanouvong, to agree to a resumption of truce talks. But Souphanouvong vetoed every location for the peace talks suggested by Souvanna Phouma. Signed a Neutralist colonel: "The discussions move like the tortoise and the hare. Maybe before the location for the peace talks is decided, the decision for Laos will have been made in battle."

* Shazar's original surname was Rubashov, but like many veteran Zionists, he Hibernized his name. David Green became David Ben-Gurion; Isaac Shimshelovitz became Izhak Ben-Zvi. Schneor Zalman Rubashov became Shazar by combining the initials of his first, middle and last names. An exception to the common practice: Israel's first President, who remained Chaim Weizmann.



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PEOPLE

For her birthday she received nearly 800 telegrams and, among other things, "some lovely roses" from Princess Grace. But best of all, declared **Elsa Maxwell**, "Yesterday my doctor gave me a clean bill of health. Life begins at 80, I say." Whatever she says, Octogenarian Elsa—tireless *doyenne* of international society—is seldom short of listeners, can proudly claim: "I have more friends than any living person." Nijinsky has danced atop her piano; De Gaulle awarded her the Legion of Honor ("I was a great Gaullist during the war. I always liked what he said—whatever it was, I forget now"); and years ago, a young Briton named Winston Churchill taught her a card game called *beuque* ("When I complained about the stakes, Winston told me, 'Always play for what you can't afford to lose, and you will learn the game'"). After a lifetime of parties, "around 10,000," her favorite Manhattan revel remains the annual April in Paris Ball for charity, created by her in 1951. "We hold the ball in the fall," she explains, "because April is a bad time to have it—everybody's in Europe."

His weekly radio-TV chat gave New York's Republican Senator **Kenneth B. Keating**, 63, an opportunity to remind constituents of "the hazards of public life." From an upstate community, said Keating, "I received an invitation to make a Memorial Day speech. However, the program described gave me quite a start." The sentence that bothered Keating: "This year's program will include a talk by the mayor, a recitation by a student, your speech, then the firing squad." Having commitments elsewhere, the Senator declined.

A study in contrasts were **Dwight D. Eisenhower**, 72, and British Ambassador to the U. S. **Sir David Ormsby Gore**, 45. The invitations to a Waldorf-Astoria dinner specified "Decorations," and titled Sir



ELSA MAXWELL
10,000 parties later.

David—who is used to that sort of thing—appeared in full regalia, all sashes and sunbursts. Honor Guest Ike showed up wearing plain white tie and tails, though he probably owns enough beribboned pins, medals and sundry fruit salad to set ten suits ablaze. Later he picked up another award: a gold medal from The Pilgrims of the United States "for great contributions to the cause of Anglo-American unity."

Still flip, flapperish, and decidedly brunette—some 38 years and 2,000,000 copies after the first appearance of *Loose Women Prefer Blondes*—Satirist **Anita Loos**, 70, celebrated its 42nd edition by confiding a secret about Lorelei Lee—that diamond-digging doll from Little Rock. The book came about, says Anita, "because I had a terrible mash on H. L. Mencken. He liked this ga-ga blonde, so I wrote this as revenge. . . . Mencken was a terrible Puritan, you know. But he went right on annexing blondes." And though Lorelei turned out to be a girl's best friend, Author Loos is not resting on her royalties. Next project: a play (for Carol Channing) about Anne of Cleves and Henry VIII. "It's about a new kind of blonde that gentlemen did not prefer. We don't yet have a composer, but we've got some very good dirty lyrics—right out of Chaucer."

Ill lay: **King Paul of Greece**, 61, recovering from an appendectomy, at Evangelismos Hospital, Athens; Soviet First Deputy Premier **Anastas Mikoyan**, 67, reportedly hospitalized with flu and complications, in Moscow; Representative **Francis E. Walter**, 69, Pennsylvania Democrat, chairman of House Committee on Un-American Activities, stricken with leukemia, but "up and about," in Georgetown University Hospital.

"When you've lived 63 years, you're bound to pick up a bit of sophistication here and there. But I was probably so-

phisticated when I was five," quipped theatrical Man-for-All-Seasons **Noel Coward**. Wearing a green felt hat rakishly tilted, Coward flew into Sydney, Australia—out of Beirut, Bangkok and Hong Kong—to steer his musical *Sail Away* through its opening in Melbourne. Full sail with plans for two new musicals, two plays, a book of stories, and more of his autobiography, the playwright flatly admitted success. "Nothing has adversely affected me," said he, "except my oil paintings. They've given me an allergy to turpentine."

Glamorous **Maria Callas**, 39—long the favorite diva of Greek Shipping Tycoon Aristotelis Onassis—stepped onstage at Berlin's Deutsche Oper, and her audience succumbed to love at first sight. Not so German critics, who unglantly complained about the sound. "The passion has disappeared," said Die Welt's man on the aisle. "One gets the impression she has hidden farewell to art." Groaned another: "Of the three octaves her voice once covered, only the middle range remains unchanged." After the blitz, Callas remained incommunicado. Said her manager: "We don't argue with critics," though it did seem pesky of them to count up "the notes that went wrong, and not the thousands of notes that went right."

Party loyalty swept Washington, most of it for a series of farewell shindigs honoring **Tish Baldridge**, 37, dynamic White House social secretary, who leaves in June to take a job at Joe Kennedy's Merchandise Mart in Chicago. One well-attended bash, arranged by an aide of Vice President Lyndon B. Johnson, had all those Texas trimmings—including a garden display of some high points in Tish's career. Later, L.B.J. helped whoop it up for a set of lyrics (to the tune of *St. James Infirmary Blues*) dedicated to the capital's favorite blonde:

*She'll shine like a Tiffany jewel
In Chicago's set.
They're in for an urban renewal
The big town won't forget!*



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TRAVEL

The Outer Islands Are In

Hawaii once meant Waikiki—a fabled bit of beach washed by the blue Pacific, where laughing girls wreathed visitors with orchid leis and every day afforded another sun-drenched romp through a paradise of surf and sand, every night (under a perfect moon) another tropical taste of the revelry of *Inau*. But in only ten years, Waikiki has been transformed into something that seems to belong more to southern Florida than it does to the once magical islands of Hawaii. Soft-drink and souvenir stands clutter the beach front, the famed beach itself is often so crowded that it looks like Coney Island on a Sunday, and hawkers are everywhere (\$8 for a twilight cruise plus a cup of rum punch in a catamaran).

"Mass always follows class," sighed Hawaii Visitors Bureau Manager Charles Braden. And though mass has gone, lemming-like, down to the beach at Waikiki, class is slowly but in increasing numbers beginning to push on past Oahu to the other, lusher and less hokey islands. In 1955 there were only 815 hotel rooms available on outer or so-called Neighbor Islands (7, more than 8,000 in Waikiki alone); last year there were 1,776 with more abuilding.

The outer island attracting the most tourists is the big island of Hawaii, whose Kailua-Kona district has long been considered by its devotees among the Pacific's finest deep-sea fishing areas. The long-established Kona Inn, a barracks-like octopus of a place, captures much of the millionaire trade. But it is about to acquire a new rival, Promoter Laurence Rockefeller has leased a large tract around Kaunaoa Beach, hired Architects Skidmore, Owings & Merrill to design a \$12 million, 150-room resort hotel intended to provide every luxury anybody is willing to pay for.

Second most popular island is Kauai,

where Promoter Lyle Guslander's Coco Palms resort has become the bellwether for hotel operations on other islands. A low, sleek structure whose two long arms embrace a central lagoon, Coco Palms features local color. Bed-lamp shades are plastic copies of the feathered helmets kings once wore, bathroom basins consist of giant clamshells, and guests are called to meals by a leather-lunged islander blowing into a conch shell. Another Guslander development, the 23-month-old Hanalei Plantation, is situated on a promontory that was used as the set for the movie of *South Pacific*. It is designed for couples who will shell out \$50 a day and be satisfied at night with entertainment no more boisterous than a book.

But it is the island of Maui, half an hour by plane from Honolulu, which connoisseurs consider the handsomest of the lot. The Hana-Maui Hotel is so revered an institution that some of its affluent guests (like Faithful Vacationer Marshall Field Jr.) arrange to skip Honolulu completely, fly by private plane directly in and out of Maui. Just within the past six months, a first-class championship golf course designed by Robert Trent Jones has opened, flanked by two new luxury resorts. One is the Royal Lahaina, a 32-cottage settlement and semiprivate club. The new Sheraton-Maui is less expensive but more spectacular. Perched high on an escarpment of black rock, the 150-room hotel hangs like a scalloped upside-down cake over the sea, has been so successful that an additional 60 units have been added to be ready for occupancy by July 1.

The new bid by the Neighbor Islands for a slice of the tourist trade does not seriously worry Waikiki. There seems to be an endless flood of eager U.S. tourists; each year for the last ten the influx has increased by an average 20%. Only four months ago, the Gallup poll asked a cross section of Americans for their choice of a "dream vacation spot," and Hawaii's name led all the rest by a wide margin.

CUSTOMS

How to Lose Friends By Really Trying

Winning friends is no problem. The man intent on social conquest knows by subliminal heart that he need generally do no more than brush between meals or settle down with a stronger soap. At most, he has only to step up his vocabulary: sometimes it is simply a matter of developing more prominent pectoral muscles. It is how to lose friends that has become the contemporary American dilemma, and a tactical art all its own.

Many Hangovers. Like any great human issue, it offers no easy answers. Factors beyond man's personal control (the population explosion, the high cost of privacy, his wife's energetic counter-effort to become the community's most beloved hostess) have gradually propelled him into closer and closer contact with an ever-expanding collection of neighbors, relatives, club members, office workers, lodge brothers, poker players, business clients, and fellow commuters.

Furthermore, there are the hangovers from long-distant days—the boys from camp, the girls from dancing class, high-school chums, war buddies, the guys from the adjoining office at the first job, the mothers who wheeled their first babies in the same park, the couple who lived across the hall in the first apartment in the first housing project. Plus the long line of vacationers who proved pleasant company and valuable bridge partners last summer on the island, or three years ago in Europe, but seem not quite so desirable once back on home ground. And, over the years, the added accumulation of friends of friends, whom neither husband nor wife admits responsibility for having ever encouraged, but who call up with disconcerting regularity just a few days before any planned dinner party under the natural, ill-founded assumption that the postman is to blame for not delivering their invitation. This, of course, leaves no room for the new people, unexpectedly attractive, whom it would be lovely to



KAUAI'S HANALEI PLANTATION



MAUI'S GOLF COURSE, SHERATON-MAUI (LEFT) & ROYAL LAHAINA

The surf, the sand, and a conch-shell call for dinner.

ask over if only the next several months were not already allocated, night by night, to the regulars.

Fewer Invitations. The solution, ultimately, is clear enough: firmly, with the calm, practiced eye of a master marksman, the superfluous must be knocked off. The practice varies slightly across the U.S.: in the West, where space is still abundant and the situation less acute, it is generally performed every other year, while along the Eastern Seaboard, and particularly in the teeming metropolitan areas, it occurs at least semiannually. The process is called Weeding Out.

First step is the unreturned phone call. But it never helps much, for Weedees tend toward tenacity, and even a prolonged series of never-answered messages can produce a series of personal notes and even registered letters or telegrams.

Other methods include the Stretch-Out and the Cross-Up. The first consists of gradually increasing the time between engagements; if the established home-and-home rhythm for the exchange of dinners has been, say, two weeks, let four weeks go by before asking the Weedees back—then six. The Cross-Up involves preliminary groundwork. Find out when the Weedees have theater tickets, and ask them to dinner that night. This has the added advantage of ostensibly discharging the social obligation without actually going through with it.

Since no real unkindness is intended, the Weeder's object is to avoid any overt insult, while inducing in the Weedee a vague feeling of ennu, of just not having a good time. Observing an empty glass and a thirsty expression, the Weeder does not offer another drink until the Weedee has been forced to ask for it. Then there is the device of the television discussion program which can be turned on right after dinner, and paralyzes all social conversation for two hours.

Persistently practiced, such small attritions can wear down the most obtuse pest. And at long last, the unwelcome invitations and the unwanted telephone calls trail off, and the triumphant Weeder can

begin to enjoy his new freedom. He bestows his evenings like an accolade on the chosen few. There may even come a time when he finds himself peacefully at home, quietly watching television or reading a book, unbothered by ringing telephones. Then another quiet evening. And another. Slowly a horrible suspicion dawns. Can it be that he has become a Weedee?

RESORTS

Muffling the Jets

Southampton, on Long Island's southern shore, prides itself on its well-watered lawns, manicured manners and *Social Register* ways. But of late its genteel calm has been shattered by noisy weekenders. "They leave New York after work on Friday and get here at 9 or 10 o'clock and blast off," complains Justice of the Peace Edwin A. Berkery. "Their parties run all night, they sleep all day Saturday, and they start in again Saturday night." Even a \$50 fine meant nothing; offenders just passed the hat and blasted off again. Last week the town board amended the antinoise ordinance to muffle even Southampton's well-heeled jet set; beginning Memorial Day, noisy party-givers will face a maximum fine of \$500 and a year in jail.

GAMES

Season for Swifties

When Jules Verne was out of fashion and Superman still a far-distant threat, it was Tom Swift who set children's hearts afire. Tom circled the globe, discovered a hidden Andean city and recovered a lost submarine, but what lingered in his readers' tiny minds even longer than his exploits was the precision with which Author Victor Appleton recorded his exact tone of voice and every mood. Tom Swift never simply "said" anything; he said it "soberly," "thoughtfully," "excitedly" (one classic rejoinder: "Yes, it is an emergency all right," returned Tom slowly). Today, though original Tom Swift



COURTESY PICTURES

Tom
Revived gamely.

fans are becoming eligible for social security benefits, a new generation who may think him the author of *Gulliver's Travels* are playing a word game based on his idiom. Its name: "Tom Swifties."

There are no set rules to the game or any limit to how many can play. Its object: to create an adverbial link between what is said and how it is said. Purists insist that Swifties end with "Tom said"; deviationists permit "he" or "she" instead of "Tom," but the format is the same, with puns at a premium. Sample Swifties: ▶ "I lost my crutches," said Tom lamely. ▶ "I'm glad I passed my electrocardiogram," said Tom wholeheartedly. ▶ "I'll take the prisoner downstairs," said Tom condescendingly.

▶ "You have the charm of Venus," Tom murmured disarmingly. ▶ "I just lost a game of Russian roulette," said Tom absent-mindedly. ▶ "I might as well be dead," he croaked. ▶ "You make me feel like a king," he said with a leer. ▶ "Let me have some berries," he rasped. ▶ "I'll just slip into something more comfortable," she said negligently.

In Washington, D.C., where they have replaced Caroline jokes in popularity, Swifties have something of a local ring. Favorites include: "My feet hurt," Bobby said flatly; "Tough," Ethel replied callously. Or, "We dig you," said Nikita gravely. And, "This Administration has plans for the South," said J.F.K. darkly.

Minneapolis claims geographic credit for the game, having spawned its first known player, Adman Earl Pease, who began spouting Swifties one slow evening ten years ago. His son Paul, an advertising executive, took the game along when he moved to San Francisco. There, it rapidly became so popular that two months ago Paul Pease and a couple of collaborators put together a book titled *Tom Swifties*, which sold out its initial printing of 5,000 copies locally. Last week they issued a second printing of 100,000 copies to be distributed around the country. Price: \$1. "Quite a profitable fad," said Tom, at a loss.



DRAWING BY RICHARD CLEGG © 1963 THE NEW YORKER MAGAZINE, INC.

"OH, GOODNESS, HERE COME THE SERGENTS!
AND I TOLD THEM WE'D BE AWAY FOR THE WEEKEND!"

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EDUCATION

UNIVERSITIES

Return of a Giant

In 1953 the University of Chicago was so close to academic anarchy that its graduate schools refused to honor degrees from its college, and only 141 freshmen entered the place. The limestone Gothic campus was marooned in a sea of slums and muggers; the trustees morosely considered moving the university out of Chicago. To sum up his problems, Chancellor Lawrence A. Kimpton told a story: "A Harvard professor about to come here went to his young son's room the night before they left Cambridge. The boy was praying: 'And now, goodbye, God. We're going to Chicago.'"

In 1963 things are dramatically differ-

they threatened to smother the undergraduate college.

In the tremulous '30s, Chancellor Robert M. Hutchins saved the college by declaring it independent, then overrid the revolution. Out went textbooks, attendance records and four-year degree requirements. To Kimpton, who took over in 1951, was left the task not only of stemming the slums, but also of saving "Hutchins College" from extinction by restoring the conventions. In came Dean Alan Simpson, a witty, no-nonsense Oxonian, who honors both orthodoxy and the Hutchins spirit. "Our kids are sensitive, aware, vital, terribly anxious to learn," he says, "And independent? Good God, are they independent?"

The Midwest feeds that spirit, gives

too "sensible." Conservatism also marks the first-rate law school, headed by Dean Phillip C. Neal, which has lured the American Bar Association to a nearby national headquarters. In 1958, for example, Chicago law professors did the research for a prickly resolution by the chief justices of state courts that lambasted the U.S. Supreme Court for being "a policymaker without proper judicial restraint."

The medical school is unique: it is part of the university's division of biological sciences, puts stress on research and theory as opposed to the "humanitarian" approach at many other medical schools. "You could be the most humane doctor in the world," explains Dean H. Stanley Bennett, "and if you're uneducated, you're no good." Chicago's medical students learn alongside biochemists, microbiologists, pharmacologists. More than



BETTELHEIM



MORGENTHAU



DEWEY



PRESIDENT BEADLE
Sensitive, aware and vital.



BENNETT



JOHNSON



LEVI

ent at Chicago. A vast urban renewal project, costing \$195 million has given the university room to breathe again. Enrollment is up to 7,674 students, 2,055 of them in the now respected college. Endowment is \$267 million, the nation's fourth biggest. And under way is a brisk faculty buildup by George W. Beadle, the Nobel prize-winning Caltech geneticist who succeeded Philosopher Kimpton in 1961. Beadle's aim at Chicago is "the incomparable thrill of discovery." His cigar-chomping provost, Lawyer Edward H. Levi, calls the renovation "the return of a giant."

Up, Down, Up, Giant it was in 1892 when it opened full-blown as the finest academic center west of the Appalachians. Coed Chicago boasted the money of John D. Rockefeller, the brains of President William Rainey Harper, and the homiletics of Football Coach Amos Alonzo Stagg. The Midway campus lured a constellation of famed scholars and scientists—John Dewey, Thorstein Veblen, Robert Millikan, Alexis Carrel, Enrico Fermi. Its graduate schools grew so important that

Chicago a kind of populist, grass-roots intellectualism. On test scores, Chicago freshmen lag behind Ivy Leaguers, but they take fire more freely. Says one professor: "There are no social barriers here, no image of what a student should be like to do well at Chicago."

Conservative Leaning. The graduate schools again reflect Chicago's special brand of scholarship—"a preference for the simple approach to the problem," as Social Sciences Dean D. Gale Johnson puts it. One result is faculty dissent from the fashions of academic liberalism. Agricultural Economist Johnson himself is an example: last week he backed the Farm Bureau, not the Administration, in the national wheat referendum.

The graduate economics department, where "classical" Economist Friedrich von Hayek long worked, now offers conservative Milton Friedman (*Capitalism and Freedom*) as Chicago's answer to Harvard's liberal John K. Galbraith. Yet the "Chicago School" is hardly hidebound; it recently imported a British Keynesian and was a little disappointed to find him

half go on to teaching and research at other medical schools.

Dean Bennett is overseeing one of Chicago's main gambles—that science in the next 20 years will grow fastest in biology. Geneticist Beadle, who won his Nobel in medicine and physiology, is fascinated with how the brain stores and releases knowledge. "Is there a molecular coding system as in genetics? If we just knew what goes on here," he says, tapping his head, "think of the problems we could solve in society, in education."

Few universities can pool so many resources to find out. Psychologist Bruno Bettelheim, for example, is pioneering rehabilitation techniques with "incurably" maladjusted children. "I hope we can help him," says Beadle. "There are tremendous possibilities." Also potentially involved: Chicago's graduate school of education, which non-education professors confidently call "better than Harvard's." Dean Francis Chase proudly points out that his school, unlike Harvard's, gives doctorates only in philosophy, not education. More than half the graduates become



SENATOR RIBICOFF

Time for a moderate proposal.

"machine tools," teaching at other educational schools.

In pure physics, Chicago no longer has Fermi, Urey or Libby, but it does have the Enrico Fermi Institute and the off-campus Argonne National Laboratory which it runs for the AEC on a \$70 million budget (paid by AEC), compared with \$68 million for the university itself. To help fill the Midwest gap in research and defense contracts, Beadle counts on a new 12.5 billion-volt synchrotron at Argonne to lure physicists. Last month NASA began building a new space lab adjoining the Fermi Institute.

To spur "the kind of thinking that wins Nobel Prizes," as Provost Levi puts it, Beadle set up a faculty-raiding "independence fund" that now stands at \$1,000,000. While easing out many mediocre men Beadle in 18 months has increased the faculty from 800 to 930. This year Chief Headhunter Levi has a rich catch, from Yale Historian Leonard Krieger to Michigan Law Professor Frank Allen and Negro Historian John Hope Franklin of Brooklyn College. Vows Levi grimly: "We are going to take the best men we can find although we will probably raise faculty salaries across the country in the process."

Divine Discontent. Humanities are still hungry at Chicago. Yet in history and anthropology, for example, it already claims to be near tops in the U.S. In political science it has Hans Morgenthau; the divinity school boasts Paul Tillich, Martin Marty and Dean Jerald Brauer, plans to build a separate Lutheran seminary.

The giant has never really wavered from President Harper's original aim: grown-up teaching and research. In "schizoid" Midwest fashion, as Orientalist John A. Wilson put it not long ago, Chicagoans "pound on our chests and proclaim fiercely that we are the corn belt or the pivotal center of the country or the home of American nationalism or the 'hog butcher of the world.' Yet secretly we long to out-Harvard Harvard, to out-Oxford Oxford and to out-Sorbonne the Sorbonne as a citadel of pure intellectuality."

FEDERAL AID

Tuition Deductions?

For weeks Congress has stalled the Administration's \$5.3 billion omnibus education bill, containing aid for everyone from preliterate tots to illiterate adults. Last week the White House wearily agreed to let Congress unwrap the package and choose among the goodies. Prognosis: passage for perhaps \$1.2 billion in aid for college construction, but probable death for aid to public schools.

What now blocks public school aid is Roman Catholic pressure for equal aid to parochial schools. Last week Connecticut's Senator Abraham Ribicoff proposed a solid effort to aid parents of children in parochial and other private schools and colleges.

"We must replace bitterness about the religious controversy in education with reason and careful thought," said the former Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare. As one who for two years plumbd "the depth of the feelings involved," Ribicoff urged "thoughtful moderation" with six proposals for federal aid to private education. They range from bus service to building science classrooms for parochial schools. Two key items:

- Income tax deductions of up to \$1,500 for college expenses, and up to \$100 for tuition at private and church-related schools. Example: a couple with a \$10,000 income and two children in college paying tuition of \$3,000, could cut federal income tax from \$1,612 to \$966.
- Federal financing of "shared time," the compromise that allows parochial school pupils to use public school facilities (science labs, for example) on a part-time basis. This is already used locally in many areas, such as Pittsburgh, but Ribicoff is the first to suggest broad-scale federal financing.

Congress already has before it about 100 versions of Ribicoff's college-tuition relief plan, which would clearly aid middle-income families because they get less of the scholarship pie than poorer parents. Such tax relief, however, would leave colleges in a quandary. Those that depend heavily on tuition, particularly Catholic colleges, would be tempted to raise tuition, leaving parents where they were.

At grade and high-school level, a \$100 tax credit would amount to pennies for parents of children in private schools, paying tuitions in thousands. And some parochial school parents who, in effect, now pay tuition by putting money in the Sunday plate already have a form of relief: they can deduct the money (up to 10% of income, in fact) as a church contribution.

Ribicoff's effort nonetheless got some warm response. Andover's Headmaster John M. Kemper, whose own rich school would hardly benefit, supported Ribicoff because "the problem is to get all the kids well taught regardless of the type of school." The Lutheran Church-Missouri Synod, which runs the nation's second-largest parochial school system, noted that it already supports tax deductions for

part of the tuition at church-supported schools.

Catholics differed widely. Los Angeles' Cardinal McIntyre chided Ribicoff for bypassing equal aid to parochial schools. But the church's chief Washington education lobbyist, Msgr. Frederick G. Hochwalt called Ribicoff's idea "quite intriguing," said that "a fairly large segment" of Catholic parents "are interested in something along these lines."

SCHOLARS

Precocious Prof

At 18, Oktay Sinanoglu was a budding short story writer in his native Turkey. But then he decided that Turks needed science more than fiction and switched to chemistry. Between 1956 and 1959, Sinanoglu managed to graduate from the University of California with a Phi Beta Kappa key, get an M.S. at M.I.T. and a Ph.D. at Berkeley, and become a nuclear notable for his "many-electron theory of atoms and molecules." Last week, 23 years after joining the Yale faculty, where he teaches quantum chemistry to graduate students, Sinanoglu was named a full professor at the ripe young age of 28 years and three months.

Sinanoglu noses out by six weeks the 20th century Yale youth record held by Robert M. Hutchins, the boy wonder



YALE'S SINANOGLU & SILLIMAN

For not tarrying overlong.

who became a full professor and acting dean of the law school in 1927. Sinanoglu's nearest current rival is Guido Calabresi, another Yale law professor who got the nod last year; but he was then an aging '99. Galling enough, Sinanoglu is not the youngest full professor in Yale's 260 years. The record belongs to Yale's first chemistry professor, Benjamin Silliman, who got the job in 1802 at the age of 23.⁹ Silliman, of course, did not waste his youth writing short stories.

Silliman was then a lawyer and knew nothing about chemistry, but on-the-job training eventually made him the top U.S. scientist in the first half of the 19th century.

MUSIC

FOLK SINGERS

Let Us Now Praise Little Men

There he stands, and who can believe him? Black corduroy cap, green corduroy shirt, blue corduroy pants. Hard-lick guitar, whooping harmonica—skinny little voice. Beardless chin, shaggy sideburns, porcelain pussy-cat eyes. At 20, he looks 14, and his accent belongs to a jive Nebraskan, or maybe a Brooklyn hillbilly. He is a dime-store philosopher, a drugstore cowboy, a men's room conversationalist. And when he describes his young life, he declares himself dumfounded at the spectacle. "With my thumb out, my eyes asleep, my hat turned up an' my head turned on," says Bob Dylan, "I's driftin' and learnin' new lessons."

Something Unique. There is something faintly ridiculous about such a citybilly, yet Dylan is the newest hero of an art that has made a fetish out of authenticity. Last week he was on the road again, having survived a crucial audience of *aficionados* at the Monterey Folk Festival, competing with such champions of folk- and fakelore as The Weavers, Bill Monroe, Mance Lipscomb, and Peter, Paul and Mary. Nearly everyone sang better, and The Weavers drew more applause. But Bob Dylan was there with three of his songs, and when he sang them, a crowd of 5,200 rewarded him with earnest and ardent applause.

At its very best, his voice sounds as if it were drifting over the walls of a tuberculosis sanitarium—but that's part of the charm. Sometimes he lapses into a scrawny Presleyan growl, and sometimes his voice simply sinks into silence beneath the pile-driver chords he plays on his guitar. But he has something unique to say, and he says it in songs of his own invention that are the best songs of their style since Woody Guthrie's.

Knead in the Guts. Dylan was born in Duluth but spent most of his youth in Hibbing, Minn. He started playing the



FOLK SINGER DYLAN
Not quite a genius genius.



MENOTTI ACCEPTING "BRINDISI'S" OVATION.
Music fit for his own funeral.

guitar when he was ten, he says, adding that "the only trouble with playin' guitar is that you can't get the cheerleader girls." He ran away from home at 10, 12, 13, 15, 16, 17 and 18; he was, as he says, "caught an' brought back all but once." In his self-portrait in verse, *My Life in a Stolen Minute*, he recalls the events of his youth:

*I started smoking at eleven years old
an' only stopped once to catch my
breath . . .
I fell hard for an actress girl who kneed
me in the guts . . .
I rode freight trains for kicks
An' got beat up for laughs.*

A couple of years ago, he made a pilgrimage to New York to visit Woody Guthrie, his spiritual leader, lying ill of Huntington's chorea. Seeing Guthrie and sleeping in the subways became his twin pleasures, and he began to sing for money in Greenwich Village coffeehouses. "Man, I could whip anybody. I was at the high point of my life from seein' Woody. He ain't a folk singer—he's a genius genius genius genius."

Whole Lost Crowd. By careful standards, Dylan ain't a folk singer either, and he may not even be a genius genius. An atmosphere of the ersatz surrounds him, and his ciliated fans have an unhappy tendency to drop their g's when praisin' him—but only because they cannot resist imitation.

But his mannerisms matter far less than the value of his honest complaints. He is an advocate of little men, and if he remains one himself, it only enriches the ring of his lyrics—as in his best song *Rocan in the Wind*, an anthem for the whole lost crowd he speaks for:

*How many ears must one man have
Before he can hear people cry?
How many deaths will it take 'til he knows
That too many people have died?
This answer, my friend, is blown in the
wind,
This answer is blown in the wind.*

CANTATAS

De Morte et Conscentia

To Gian Carlo Menotti, death is the moment of the enlightenment that makes life worthwhile. In *Labyrinth*, his last television opera, he dwelt on the idea to the point of moral vertigo. If life is a grand hotel, he seemed to be saying, then death is its night clerk. Those who want keys to their rooms must die to get them.

Now, in a new dramatic cantata called *The Death of the Bishop of Brindisi*, Menotti makes the same point with fresh power and beauty. In its premiere in Cincinnati's Music Hall, his music won him an ovation greater than any in his long career. Scored for full orchestra, two soloists, and a chorus of 225, the cantata had 125 children onstage and everybody's mother in the audience. But *Brindisi* would have been a triumph anywhere.

Menotti's story is told in searing memories that come to the bishop in his deathbed. Having blessed the children who set sail from Brindisi on the way to their deaths in the Children's Crusade, he torments himself with recriminations. "What faith, what love, can justify the man who makes himself the arbiter of other people's lives?" he pleads—but the chorus gives him no answer. The children's innocent voices haunt him. The adult chorus damps him: "Cursed be the shepherd who leads his flock to death," the people cry, and they burn his books, stone his palace, cast his ring into the sea. Then the blinding answer comes in a climactic sweep of music: death's enriching lesson comes only to those who have suffered the pain of their conscience.

Onstage, the adult choristers applauded while the children cheered and wept. Said Menotti, seized for a change with the delights of life: "Nothing like this has ever happened to me before. I want the final chorus sung at my funeral."

Standing, from left, Conductor Max Rudolf, Menotti, Soloists Rosalind Elias and Richard Crook.



New data processor figures up a storm

The Storm Radar Data Processor (STRADAP) newly developed by Budd Electronics takes accurate measure of approaching storms, recording their height and intensity on clearly readable numerical maps. In reporting storm changes as quickly as they occur, STRADAP greatly sharpens the accuracy of weather observing. It points the way toward continuous, up-to-the-minute weather mapping of the

entire nation. The Budd capabilities which developed this newest advance in weather observation are also advancing the art of data processing and display for industrial, aerospace and military uses. For information about Budd capabilities in data handling, write Mr. W. G. Fitzsimmons, Budd Electronics, 43-22 Queens St., Long Island City 1, N. Y.

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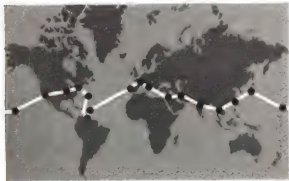
Unique advantages of FNCB Travelers Checks demonstrated on 13

An unprecedented and objective "test in use" of First National City Bank Travelers Checks has just been completed. Purpose: to prove that FNCB Travelers Checks are, literally, "better than money" for people who go places.

To make this sound and impartial test, a typical married couple, Mr. and Mrs. S. Joseph Gore of Florissant, Missouri, were selected at random. Mr. Gore is an instructor at Harris Teachers College in St. Louis; Mrs. Gore is a kindergarten teacher. Their instructions were simple: to tour, using FNCB Travelers

Checks exclusively—for hotels, meals, souvenir shopping...indeed for all major travel purposes. **They were required to test these important features: the nation-wide and world-wide availability of FNCB Travelers Checks...the unique FNCB refund service (in case of loss, Western Union Operator 25 service directs travelers to thousands of refund points in the U.S.—and there are thousands more overseas!)...and finally, the full acceptability of FNCB Travelers Checks everywhere around the globe.** The Gores were not identified as "special" travelers in any way. They tested the checks in situations that *any* traveler might face.

They were accompanied by a photographer and an observer who kept a running record of the trip. The group covered more than 27,500 miles by air; visited 13 countries on 4 continents. The pictures on the following pages are not in geographical or chronological order. Selected from many photographs taken around the world, they show typical examples of the reception the Gores—and First National City Travelers Checks—received everywhere.



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Test No. 1 To prove that FNCB
Travelers Checks are easy to buy



AVAILABLE IN FLORISSANT, MISSOURI. At the start, the Gores asked for FNCB Travelers Checks at the Bank of Florissant in their home town—and got them, on-the-spot. Buying time: just a few minutes. Chances are that you will find FNCB Travelers Checks at your local bank too.



AVAILABLE IN NEW DELHI, INDIA. Same convenience as in Florissant! Joe Gore used additional cash to buy FNCB Travelers Checks from teller Kuldip Singh at a branch of the Central Bank of India, Ltd. located in the Ashoka Hotel. Thousands of banks around the world sell FNCB Travelers Checks.

CONTINUED

Test No.2 To prove FNCB Travelers Checks can be refunded on-the-spot, around the world



HOLocaust in Hawaii. At Waikiki Beach, in the shadow of Diamond Head, Joe and Lorraine decided to burn \$1000 worth of FNCB Travelers Checks. Purpose of this fiery test: to find out what happens when FNCB Travelers Checks are lost, stolen or destroyed. Tragic results? Not at all!

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FARMER'S MARKET PHONE CALL. In Los Angeles, Joe Gore tore up \$200 worth of FNCB Travelers Checks, then phoned Western Union Operator 25, asked for location of nearest refund point. Two hours later, at a nearby bank, Joe received \$200 worth of crisp new FNCB Travelers Checks.

Test No.3 To prove the First National City Bank



CHOPSTICKS AT CHINZAN-SO. At Tokyo's famed garden restaurant, the Gores were served an exotic oriental barbecue by Kimiko Masuda. Joe Gore paid with an FNCB Travelers Check. It was accepted as readily as Japanese yen.



THAILAND TOUR. Siamese temples... Buddhist monks... benevolent "demons"... are all part of a sightseeing trip in Thailand. So are FNCB Travelers Checks—which Joe Gore used, with no problems at all, to pay the tour guide.

world-wide acceptability of Travelers Checks



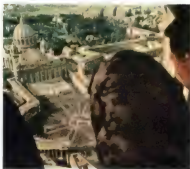
HIGH STYLE IN HONG KONG. In the Crown Colony, Lorraine Gore succumbed to a dress of satin. Here, at Willamy & Co., Mrs. Amy L. Hsu supervises the fitting. Payment: First National City Bank Travelers Check. Acceptance: immediate.



COOL IN CARACAS. First National City Bank Travelers Checks are very much "in the swim" in Venezuela too, as Lorraine soon learned when she bought a fashionable new swim suit at a shop not far from the beautiful Hotel Tamianaca.



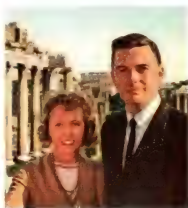
BANQUET IN BEIRUT. First National City Travelers Checks paid for a sumptuous meal at the Hotel Phoenicia's "La Panache." In Lebanon, as in all the other countries visited FNCB Travelers Checks were as warmly welcomed as the Gores themselves.



ROMAN HOLIDAY. In Rome, the Gores rented a helicopter for a special tour... and paid with First National City Bank Travelers Checks, of course. Taxidrivers, storekeepers, guides, whirlybird pilots—everyone in Rome knows the First National City brand.



NO TEST NEEDED! At the famous Hotel Plaza Athénée in Paris, the Gores found the familiar "We Accept First National City Travelers Checks" sign, which precluded the need of a test here. Thousands of hotels and shops around the world display this sign.



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WHEREVER, WHENEVER YOU GO

Next time you take a trip, get the checks that offer you a world of convenience, a world of service, a world of safety for your travel funds. Just a penny per dollar, FNCB Travelers Checks are backed by the bank that's first in world-wide banking. Ask for them by name at your bank.





An ocean-going vessel plies the Intracoastal Canal, which provides protected shipping all the way across the trade-minded Gulf South. The heavily-industrialized cities of Lake Charles, La., and Beaumont, Port Arthur and Orange, Texas, are among those served by this busy, 1,300-mile inland waterway.

JOHNSTON QUARTER HORSE RANCH

Beautiful horses like these provide riding fun and entertainment for young and old alike on ranches throughout Texas and the entire Gulf South vacationland. These champions were pictured at the Johnston Quarter Horse Ranch near Longview, a bustling, growing city recognized as "The Industrial Capital of East Texas."



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A completely fascinating vacation awaits you in the Gulf South—unusual sights to see... wonderful sports to enjoy... sunshine, water and excitement. While you're vacationing you'll want to investigate the many advantages offered to new and expanding industries. Perhaps you'll find the very spot for your new plant in one of the growing cities and towns in the Gulf South, the portions of Texas, Louisiana, Mississippi, southern Alabama and northwestern Florida served by United Gas.

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SHOW BUSINESS

HOLLYWOOD

Marilyn, My Marilyn

After Marilyn Monroe's death, it might have been expected that a vast cult would develop, necrophilic and worshipful, similar to the one that lengthened the notoriety of James Dean. But the cult of Marilyn has turned out to be more esoteric. Her memory is tended by the somewhat-intellectuals. And the theme of their compassionate communions is a touching wail who was destroyed by a cruel world she never made.

Painters have abstracted her. Minor poets have done minor poems about her. In the current *Harper's*, Penelope Giliatt, wife of playwright John Osborne, moons about Marilyn's "innocent and anxious talent" that was wasted in the Hollywood child-woman fixation: "One sensed that Marilyn Monroe had probably been made tragically unhappy by the infant mold that was forced upon her."

Forgotten Image. A refreshing contrast to all the cocktail-hour psychology has come from an unlikely quarter. Twentieth Century-Fox, looking for nothing deeper than solvency, has assembled an absorbing synopsis of the Marilyn Monroe that was often overlooked—the one on the screen. Called simply *Marilyn*, the new picture contains about 90 minutes' worth of segments from old Marilyn Monroe movies, adding some never-seen takes from her last, unfinished film. Fox has brought in Rock Hudson as narrator. The script is a little sticky now and again, but there is no fatigued pseudo-psychanalysis, nor is there any of the newsreel documentation that so long and frenetically concentrated on the private disaster rather than the public star.

All her great films are represented—that is, all her 20th Century-Fox films: *The Seven Year Itch*, *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, *Bus Stop* and so on. Milestones like *The Misfits* and *Some Like It Hot*, both United Artists pictures, are unexplainedly absent. With exaggerated curls and lumpish contours, she starts out in a town-gut chorus in *A Ticket to Tomahawk*. George Sanders in *All About Eve* tells her that he can see her "career rising in the east like the sun." Incongruously, she sits on a couch beside Jack Paar in *Love Nest*.

The Molders. Marilyn in those days looked like nothing much at all, a glass of milk with some lipstick near the rim. The fascination of this picture is to watch the changes—not as they came over her but as they were effected upon her by all the faceless image molders who, in the end, made the Pygmalion of legend seem by comparison a mass of clumsy thumbs. Under close and improving direction, her famous walk developed from something crudely virginal into something profanely sophisticated. Some unknown Corot reduced the red of her lips from a massive smear to a spot in a breathtaking landscape. Her hair, sprayed and sculpted a thousand times, softened down into

a pangloss of wishful thinking, making nature say uncle.

When she went to work on her final picture last year (*Something's Got to Give*), she had lost weight and the close-up that remain show the ultimate refinement of the material—gentle face, slender neck, a look of airy distance. Galatas would have been jealous.



WITH SANDERS IN "EVE" (1950)



IN "BUS STOP" (1956)



IN HER LAST FILM

From a film by Jerry Schatzberg

TELEVISION

Clio, Muse of Huckstery

Doesn't this grab you?
Ozon—the hairdressers' hairspray that leaves hair feeling like hair.

It grabbed someone, at any rate, being the key line in a one-minute television commercial that last week won "Recognition" status in the fourth Annual American TV Commercials Festival. More than 1,200 anxious admen collected in Manhattan's Waldorf-Astoria to hear the list of winners. But it was not just a list. It was a galactic catalogue of categorical triumphs.

Autos Close. Best in the "Pet Foods and Products" group, for example, was the Gaines Gravy Train gasser, where all those little ducklings eat out of the same bowl with a Great Dane. Polaroid's little boy with the trumpet, playing *Minute in G* while his daddy snaps his picture, was tops in "Gifts, Cameras, Watches." The competition in the "Auto Accessories" classification was fantastically close and exciting. Goodyear's frustrated commuter, with his summer treads spinning in a snowdrift, just edged out Purulotor Oil Filter's *Moonlight Ride*—the one with the terrific looking girl who gets in under the car in her evening dress, removes a clogged oil filter with a monkey wrench and smears oil sludge all over her date when he kisses him.

High Fees. All in all, winners in 30 categories got Clio for individual excellence (a Clio named for the muse of history, is a slim gold statuette that could be the result of an affair between an Oscar and an Emmy). Then there were maybe a dozen canonizations—a ceremony raising selected older commercials to the status of "Classics." For example, that box of Tide that used to stand under the cypress tree on the Monterey Peninsula is now in the hall of fame with Willie the Penguin, The Marlboro Man, and the yellow that went for Pepsi-dent.

In four years, the American TV Commercials Festival has become so popular that it could be described as an advertising man's Cannes. It costs \$50 to enter a commercial, but 1,307 were entered this year. Luncheon tables at the Waldorf go for \$250 each.

The festival grosses \$85,000 yearly—which is to say that Wallace A. Ross grosses \$85,000 a year, because the almost imperceptible fact is that the American TV Commercials Festival is essentially a one-man show. The man is Wally Ross 39, who is just a little less aggressive than a 100-lb. gnaf.

He made a career on the fringes of broadcasting before he got the idea for the festival. Now he spends nine months a year accepting entries and entry fees, thinking up new categories for new winners, and creating the general aura that he is the next best thing to the Nobel Prize Committee. Taking his favorite U.S. commercials with him, he travels in Europe for an additional month each fall collecting service fees from Old World admen who want to study U.S. techniques. The other two months are free and clear.

In his view, the festival is not just a

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money-maker. It is a service to the poor geniuses who think up commercials. "It has given something to these people, who take a lot of abuse," says Ross. "It's given them something to go home with and justify themselves to their families."

Crème de la Kremlin

Seldom has a TV show been so discussed and applauded as NBC's tour of the Kremlin, presented last week and due for repeat broadcast June 4. In an hour-long panoply of color, the forbidding mystery of the place was vaporized.

The network's cameras had a look at almost everything in the 65-acre Kremlin compound, from the old Cathedral of the Archangel to the new glass-facaded Soviet Palace of Congresses. There were glances at the Spartan rooms of Lenin, the spare embellishments of Stalin's new grave, and the fantastic Great Hall of St. George, with its huge chandeliers of what look like bunches of gold bananas.

Richness & Tricks. The program started with NBC's Correspondent Frank Bourgholtzer following a Russian general up the Grand Kremlin Palace's Staircase of Honor, and the staircase alone—16 ft. wide, with gold-and-red carpeting, 58 steps and four landings—was a surprise of splendor. But with jewels and thrones, high vaulting domes and sprays of filigreed gold, such a glint of richness followed that when Bourgholtzer and the general returned at the end of the hour to the Staircase of Honor, it seemed little more than a nicely gilded stepladder.

Along the way, NBC had successfully roamed over 800 years of Russian history, told through the relics left behind by such men as Ivan the Terrible, Boris Godunov and Peter the Great. Unfortunately, Producer George Vicas does not contain his own technical enthusiasms, and the historical sequences were full of nervous irritations and distracting trickery. Zoomar lenses dived into paintings to catch

"significant detail." Great doors closed by themselves. Behind the double throne of the boy czars, Ivan and Peter, was a hole in the curtain through which their sister Sophia used to advise them. Sophia's picture suddenly popped into the hole.

Smoke Pots & Shovels. The project was initiated 14 months ago, and NBC's Russian-speaking Associate Producer Lucy Jarvis went to Moscow to negotiate. The Russians were agreeable, even though their own TV network has never been permitted to make a similar documentary. Khrushchev approved, but others balked at details. Lucy Jarvis had a box of homemade brownies with her. She passed them around. After that the Soviets drooled whenever the brownies were mentioned and conceded points in order to get at the box again.

Soon NBC was bringing off stunts that the Kremlin would not quickly forget. They fired a cannon to re-create the moment when the charred remains of the Pretender Dmitry were muzzle-loaded and blasted back toward Poland. With smokepots and magnesium flares, they simulated the burning of the Kremlin by Napoleon. Though Moscow's fire department had been warned, ten or twelve noisy fire trucks came rushing to the scene anyway.

The filming was done last fall. The Russians were unbelievably cooperative and cordial, for amazingly enough, the Cuban crisis was going on at the time. Later, they cooled. When NBC sent an advance print to Moscow, the Soviets sent back quibble-headed rockets. How dare NBC say that Western influences had helped shape the new Palace of Congresses? It's a fact, said NBC; and indeed, the palace looks as if it might have been designed by someone called Mies van der Red. And the lyrics of the choral singing, gripped the Russians, could be translated to mean "Long live the Czars!" NBC shrugged. The Soviets had supplied the choir.

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THE PRESS

NEWSPAPERS

Replying in Spades

A dozen years ago, a green but confident Cleveland reporter assigned to cover the city's criminal court was scooped on a major grand jury report his very first day on the beat. Thomas Van Hosen Vail did not have to worry about losing his job—his family owned the paper—but he has never forgotten the experience. "I resolved then and there," he recalls, "that not only would that never happen again, but that I would reply in kind." Now that he is editor-publisher of Cleveland's



PLAIN DEALER'S VAIL
The horde he pushes . . .

121-year-old Plain Dealer (circ. 356,210)—a job he was named to earlier this month—Tom Vail, 36, hopes to reply to his competition not only in kind but in spades. His goal: to supplant the afternoon Press (376,610) as the biggest paper in Cleveland and all of Ohio.

It is a tall order, mostly because of the scrappy little man who runs the Press from a modern, four-year-old building overlooking Lake Erie. Under Editor Lou is Seltzer, 66, the Press overtook the morning Plain Dealer back in 1938 and has clung to its lead. By 1960 the Plain Dealer had cut the lead to a bare 66,000 copies, but then the Press picked up 80,000 new readers by purchasing the struggling afternoon News. Now the Plain Dealer is gaining once again, and the circulation margin has narrowed from 80,000 to 40,000.

Unmitigated Hell. As editor-publisher the first man to hold both titles, Vail shares command with his father, Attorney Herman Vail, who was named president earlier this year. But he has complete control over the editorial operation, which some staffers complain has been neglected in recent years. Once known as the lively showcase for Charles Farrar Brown's humorous "Artemus Ward" columns, the Plain Dealer lately has grown stodgy

enough to be described as "grandmotherly." Vail aims to shuck that adjective.

As soon as Cleveland's record 120-day newspaper blackout ended last month—after carving an estimated \$4½ hole in the circulation of both papers—Vail got to work. He redesigned his grey editorial page, insisted on shorter editorials, and advised writers to make their point "at the front, to tell the public right off what the Plain Dealer thinks." He demanded tighter copy, claims that "as a result we have 20% more stories in the paper." Says Managing Editor Philip Porter: "The grandmother has been rejuvenated."

Whether granny can catch up to the Press is something else again. "We're going to give all competition unmitigated hell," says Seltzer. "This newspaper is going to remain the newspaper in this region, period." Under Seltzer's guidance since 1928, the Press has become a real community force in Cleveland. It motherhens its citizens from birth to dotage with a Toddler's Club, free dances for teenagers, 60th wedding anniversary parties. Democratic Senator Frank Lausche admits that the Press helped make him mayor of Cleveland and Governor of the state, and Seltzer can also claim much of the credit for Health, Education and Welfare Secretary Anthony Celebrezze's successful run for mayor as an insurgent in 1953. For all that, "Mr. Cleveland," as Seltzer is fond of being called, is not sitting back. The post-strike Press sported a clutch of new columnists, a redesigned woman's page and more sports coverage.

Both papers generally support local Democratic candidates in heavily Democratic Cleveland, but both count themselves independent on national issues. The Press, with few readers outside metropolitan Cleveland, is strong on local coverage, even features a "nationalities editor" who regularly visits Europe to interview relatives of Cleveland's 40-odd minority groups. Though the Plain Dealer draws on suburban and farm regions for much of its circulation, it is putting heavy emphasis on local news to keep pace with the Press.

Competition & Collision. The back-grounds of Cleveland's newspaper antagonists could hardly be more dissimilar. Seltzer was born in a cottage back of a Cleveland firehouse, quit school in the seventh grade to work as a \$1-a-week copy boy. At 20, he was city editor of the Press, the oldest paper in the Scripps-Howard chain (founded in 1878). Thirty years Vail's senior, he still works like a day horse, turning up at 6 every morning and averaging five hours of sleep a night.

"We have a lot of young people on this paper," he says. "They keep their hot breath against my neck and the soles of their shoes against my back. But I'm one of those characters who gets his strength from work."

He might need it now that Vail's sales are beginning to dig in too. The Plain Dealer's previous editor, courtly Wright Bryan, 58, who came to Cleveland ten

years ago from the editorship of the Atlanta Journal, lacked the authority that Vail can wield simply by virtue of his heritage. The great-grandson of Mining Mogul Liberty E. Holden, who founded the paper, Vail was born in Cleveland and schooled at Princeton, where he won honors in political science. He went to work for the News in 1949 as a police reporter, after eight years switched to the Plain Dealer for grooming.

In some ways, though, Seltzer and Vail are very much alike. Each is a natty dresser. Each is concerned primarily with his paper's editorial content rather than its business operation. Each is an avid Cleveland booster. And each has a healthy respect for the other. "I happen to be-



PRESS'S SELTZER
... the better he feels.

lieve Louis Seltzer has a lot on the ball," says Vail. Seltzer returns the compliment though somewhat more subtly. "My catalyst is competition and collision," says he. "When I'm pushed hardest, that's when I feel best. I sure as hell feel real good right now."

COLUMNISTS

A Party for Peg

Small as the assemblage was, the candlelit room was smaller yet, and some of the guests wound up forced to sip their cocktails in the ladies' room. But nobody seemed to mind, for the conversation was lively, the filet mignon was good, and the guest of honor was unusually convivial. The occasion was a testimonial dinner in Manhattan last week for terrible-tempered Westbrook Pegler.

The affair was organized by a pair of ideologues who chew one another up in print but are friends anyway—Murray Kempton, onetime New York Post columnist who now ventilates his views in the left-wing *New Republic*, and William F. Buckley Jr., editor of the right-wing *National Review*. After King Features syndicate sacked Pegler last summer for calling Boss William Randolph Hearst Jr. a "spoiled brat," the two set up the din-

ner and invited some of the irascible columnist's friends and former colleagues "to tell Peg that we like him."

Having once fumed and fulminated in 200 newspapers, Pegler, now 68, has failed to line up any papers at all since Hearst dropped him, and his only regular platform is Candyman Robert Welch's *American Opinion* magazine, monthly bark of the John Birch Society. But if Pegler has lost his outlets, he has lost none of his gift for invective and his rogues' gallery is as crowded as ever. Nelson Rockefeller, he told an interviewer last week, is an "arrogant, dangerous man." Bobby Kennedy is a "mean little jerk who never earned a thing in his life." As for Bobby's brother, "I am selective about my friends. If Kennedy comes to town tomorrow, I'm getting the hell out of here."

To Pegler, the fact that nobody wants his column suggests only that the press itself is failing. "I don't know what's wrong with the papers any more. I think the newspapers of this country are in menopause." A few papers have sounded him out, he claimed, but they wanted too much of the take—half. "I'm no country boy, coming in here for the first time," said Pegler. "I'm a ballplayer already." With no place to play.

MAGAZINES

Good Bet for a Baltic Baron

The enthusiastic reception that greeted the *New York Review of Books* on its debut last February in the midst of the newspaper strike raised an inevitable question: Would it ever appear again? Last week 100,000 copies of issue No. 2, crammed with critiques from the likes of Stephen Spender, Robert Heilbroner and Truman Capote, and carrying 18 pages of ads in its 48 tabloid-sized pages, were on sale at newsstands and bookstores across Manhattan. This time the *Review* made no secret of when it would turn up next. Emboldened by a near sellout of their first, 100,000-copy issue, Editors Barbara Epstein and Bob Silvers declared that "there may be sufficient demand in America to support a literary review of this sort." They announced that come September, they will begin publishing twice a month. They may even start paying their writers ϵ a word—which is a nickel a word more than they have been paying up to now.

Where will the money come from? The editors are not saying—possibly because they don't yet know. Critic Edmund Wilson, who contributed a sprightly three-page interview with himself in issue No. 2, speculated that the angel might be "one of those Baltic barons" who married a rich American and, now that she has died and left him all her money, "doesn't know what to do with it." Wilson obviously thinks his bogus baron could do worse than to spend it supporting the *Review*. "God knows that some such thing is needed," said he. "The disappearance of the Times Sunday book section at the time of the printers' strike only made us realize it had never existed."

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SCIENCE

SPACE

To Moon or Not to Moon

In its excited reaction to Major Gordon Cooper's orbital achievement, the U.S. public left little doubt that it is completely sold on NASA's race to get a U.S. citizen onto the moon. But in political and scientific circles, an acrid debate about the value of the man-in-space program continues. The men who make up NASA's budget fear that many a Congressman agrees with the dictum of President Eisenhower: "I have never believed that a spectacular dash to the moon is worth the added tax burden that it will eventually impose on our citizens."

America's Money. When scientists discuss NASA's requested \$5.7 billion budget, they show themselves deeply divided. A large and influential faction believes



WEAVER
\$30,000,000.000 . . .



References

... for the seemingly impossible.

that the cost of man-on-the-moon could be better spent in other ways. In the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists*, Mathematician Warren Weaver, former president of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, estimates that the \$30 billion to be spent before 1970 would do all of the following:

- Give every teacher in the U.S. a 10% raise every year for ten years.
- Endow 200 small colleges with \$10 million each.
- Finance the education through college and graduate school of 50,000 scientists at \$4,000 per year.
- Build ten new medical schools at \$200 million each.
- Build and endow complete universities for 53 countries added to the United Nations since its foundation.
- Create three new Rockefeller Foundations worth \$300 million each.

But the money price, Weaver thinks, is secondary. Much more costly for the U.S., he says, will be the diversion into moon technology of a whole generation of young scientists and engineers who could be better employed in more practical fields.

A few scientists are frankly skeptical of the moon project on technical grounds. Says famed British Astronomer Fred

Hoyle: "It's America's money. If it were mine, I wouldn't spend it on anything as stupid as trying to get to the moon. Neither the U.S. nor the U.S.S.R. will get there. Neither side has thought it out. If you are talking of 50 years' time, there may be a possibility, but at the moment it is just too hard. It will be anti-prestige; so many disasters will ensue if they go on with this project."

Ballet in Orbit. Another scientific faction, typified by Lloyd Berkner, former chairman of the Space Science Board of the National Academy of Sciences, deplores the race-with-Russia aspect of the space program but yearns for the moon just the same. "Human society," says Berkner, "rises out of its lethargy to new levels of productivity only under the stimulus of deeply inspiring and commonly appreciated goals. In the conquest of

space, men, ideas and materials are pushed beyond previous limits and capabilities. The seemingly impossible is brought within the range of daily employment."

President Lee A. DuBridge of Caltech is a qualified enthusiast. He believes that merely "getting a couple of guys to the moon and bringing them back" is hardly worth doing. But space exploration to gain more knowledge of the universe can be "one of the great scientific achievements or enterprises of all time. Its impact on the world and mankind is simply beyond calculation."

Other scientists look beyond the purely scientific aspects of their effort. The U.S., they say, is in urgent competition with the U.S.S.R., but not in thermonuclear war. Such a war may be easier to avoid if the rivals compete in space faster rather than an all-out armaments race. And as long as the competition stays on a peaceful level, NASA will continue to get the money it needs. "The secret hope of the space agency," says Daniel S. Greenberg in *Science*, "is that the U.S. Congress will awaken one day to find the Soviets have placed the Bolshoi Ballet in orbit."

Even without the element of international competition, the man-in-space program would win the ardent support of many high-ranking scientists. This week

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- Commitments for the electronics industry were 11% of the total Defense budget in 1957; over 15% in 1963.

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ZOOLOGY

Bee Bep

Ever since Aristotle, scientists have been fascinated by the complex society of the bee. They have studied its remarkable technology, reported on its rigid hierarchy; they have pried out the secret code of dances with which bees communicate. Now, quite by accident, they have discovered that the hard-working, gregarious insects actually talk to each other too.

Zoologist Harald Esch of the University of Munich stumbled on the information while performing an elaborate experiment on bee dances. Prompted by curiosity, he poked a small microphone into the hive while a scout was making her dancing report. "I got the surprise of my life," he says. "Blasting out of the earphones came a loud 'thththrrrr,' followed by a short 'beep.' Then some of the worker bees flew out of the hive. I knew I had hit on something entirely new."

Stirring Up the Workers. A little more observation showed that the whirring sounds were made by the scout bee just as

she went into a tail-wagging dance, but two years of work were needed to translate the meaning of the new code of sound. Dr. Esch finally decided that the length of the sounds reported the distance to the nectar supply. The pitch of the sounds and the intervals between them told its quality and quantity. Made with slight nonflying movements of wings, the sounds seemed to stimulate the watching workers to fly toward the new-found food.

When he thought he knew enough about the bees' talking dance, Dr. Esch rigged up an artificial bee and stuck it in a hive to repeat a dance that had been performed by a live scout bee. At the proper moment, a tiny loudspeaker emitted the proper recorded sounds. A ring of workers followed the performance with apparent interest. And Dr. Esch hoped that they would fly out of the hive to find the nectar described by the simulated scout.

Murdered Dummy. The workers did no such thing. After listening for a few seconds, one of them rushed over and furiously stabbed the dummy scout with her sting. Smelling the deathly odor of venom, the other bees withdrew. This ritual murder was repeated many times. Something was obviously wrong.

A little more research showed the cause of the stabbings. Dr. Esch had neglected the short, chirping beeps that sometimes followed the scout's drumming sounds. They are apparently made by one of the watching workers, and they mean "message understood." When the scout hears the beep, she is supposed to stop dancing so that the worker can come close to her and smell the odor of the nectar that she has found. Dr. Esch's artificial scout went right on dancing after the beep was sounded. This made the workers so suspicious that one of them stabbed her. When Dr. Esch learned to stop the dummy's dance after the first beep, the artificial bee was not stabbed.

Vast new vistas of research have now opened up, says Dr. Esch. Since bees have no ears, do they hear with their antennae or organs under their abdomens? And do all species talk the same language? "The entire field," says the zoologist, "is pregnant with new discoveries."

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ART



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The King of Typography

Christopher Plantin, a leather tooler of Antwerp, was making a late delivery one night in 1555 when thugs set upon him with swords and deeply pierced his shoulder. Thus crippled, Plantin had to turn to an easier and less muscular occupation; having made many leather bindings for books, he chose publishing. The same year he printed a small volume on etiquette called *The Instruction of a Girl of Noble Birth*—the first publication of what was to become the greatest printing house of the 16th and 17th centuries.

The old presses still run at Plantin's establishment in Antwerp, but only to print souvenirs for tourists or the scrolls for such honorary citizens of Antwerp as General Anthony C. McAuliffe, Viscount Montgomery and Sir Winston Churchill. The house is now a museum, filled not only with the tools of the trade (15,000 type matrices and 5,000 punches, mostly from the 16th century), but also with more than 18,000 drawings, woodcuts and copperplate engravings used for illustrations. Though it is the best collection of its kind, it has been shown outside Antwerp only twice—in Belgrade and Paris' Bibliothèque Nationale. Last week a generous portion of the collection was on view at Dartmouth College in the hills of Hanover, N.H. Some rare and old items: a Spanish manuscript of a medical treatise by Andreas Vesalius and Juan Valverde, ten title pages designed by Peter Paul Rubens, and such fastidious examples of the illustrator's art as the draw-

ing of the *Adoration of the Shepherds* by Martin de Vos.

Plantin has been called "the Henry Ford of printing," for he was the first to turn out books, not merely for rich and noble collectors, but for as wide an audience as possible—the whole "*république Chrétienne*," as he called it. In 34 years he printed 1,500 publications amounting to more than a million volumes. He pioneered in the use of copperplate engraving, and got original type faces (still widely copied in modern printing) from the great French designers Garamond and Granjon. He printed the first pocket-sized books for travelers, produced the first modern atlas. He spoke French, Flemish, Spanish, German and Latin, and scholars from all over Europe came to Antwerp to get him to publish their works.

Plantin was made Printer to the King by Philip II of Spain, but also kept on good terms with his own Prince William of Orange-Nassau. He died worth \$1,600,000 and was buried in the cathedral in a grave marked "The King of Typography."

Christopher Plantin left his business to a son-in-law, Jan Moretus, and the house of Plantin-Moretus continued to flourish for three more generations. But gradually it went into a decline, and in 1876 the Plantin-Moretus family sold it to the city as a museum. Today, says Dartmouth Professor Ray Nash, "it is the greatest single source for the history of printing, publishing, book design and illustration." But it is also something more. Plantin and his successors hired the best craftsmen and artists they could find to turn their books into works of art, an achievement rarely matched, but never forgotten, by those who have published since.

Master of the Tendrilous

In its brief heyday around the turn of the century, the tendrilous international style of *art nouveau* swept over Europe, dominating the design of everything from the Paris Metro stations to ordinary knives and forks. The inevitable reaction against it was particularly violent, and the whole movement was dismissed as a rather ludicrous, if temporary, aberration. Artists like Alphonse Mucha, if remembered at all, seemed as dated as gaslight and their work as decadent as Oscar Wilde's sunflower. But lately *art nouveau* has been getting a new look. Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art had a big show of it three years ago, and in London last week Alphonse Mucha was once again a big name with simultaneous shows at the Grosvenor and Jeffress Galleries and the Victoria and Albert Museum.

Bernhardt to the Rescue. It was on Dec. 26, 1894, that 34-year-old Alphonse Mucha, shaggy-haired and bearded, got his big break in Paris. He had learned to draw before he could walk, and his mother used to tie a necklace of crayons around his neck so that he could exercise his talent whenever he wanted. But for all that talent and for all his study, Mucha was getting nowhere. Then, out of the blue, Actress Sarah Bernhardt came to the rescue. She urgently needed a new poster to

advertise her new play. The theater manager telephoned the poster printer, and the printer gave Mucha the designing job simply because he was in the shop at the time. Bernhardt was delighted; she gave Mucha a contract to design not only her posters, but some of her sets and costumes as well.

The world quickly became familiar with Mucha's larger-than-life posters of Bernhardt in her many roles, from Hamlet to Camille. He also designed advertisements and even menus; and when Czechoslovakia became a nation, Moravia-born Mucha designed its first stamps and bank notes.

Hair Is a Flower. He had two favorite themes, women and flowers. For him, a woman's hair was like some kind of exotic plant that swirled and swooped with a life of its own. A woman did not wear clothes; she let silks and satins flow over her in the same kind of swoops and swirls. As for the flower, it contained nature's most delicate lines and its subtlest forms. The beautiful bend of a supple stem, the gentle curves of a petal, the organic flow of line and form into each other—these were the secrets of the flower that Mucha wanted to impose on everything man designed.

It was a noble aim, this idea that man-made things should follow nature's masterpiece and that all objects, whether a ring or a house, should have an organic relationship to each other. But to live with *art nouveau* came to be like living in a world of peacock tails; it was not so much art as an empty, if dazzling, embellishment. In the end, Mucha himself turned away from it and spent the last years of his life in the Castle Zbirov in Bohemia, working on a series of academic pictures portraying the history of his people.



MUCHA'S "MUSIC"
A work of postcard proportions.

RELIGION

PRESBYTERIANS

Strong Stands

"The core of the racial situation in the United States lies in the all-white residential communities that circle our cities," said the Rev. Marshal Scott of Chicago, moderator of the United Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A. "It is precisely in those neighborhoods where Presbyterianism flourishes that the center of the evil lives."

Moved by such forthright oratory, the 840 commissioners (delegates) at the 175th Presbyterian General Assembly in Des Moines last week overwhelmingly approved a proposed amendment to the church constitution, declaring that Presbyterians "are obligated to welcome into fellowship" anyone who desires to share in their worship, and that refusal on the basis of "color, origin or worldly condition" causes "a scandal to the Gospel." With less unanimity, they went on to take a strong stand, roughly like the U.S. Supreme Court's, against Bible-reading and prayers in public schools.

Cash Backing. The United Presbyterian Church, whose membership of 3,277,787 is less than 5% Negro, has traditionally been opposed to racial segregation. This year the commissioners, as one of them said, "put their money where their mouth is." They unanimously voted to set up a commission on religion and race, with a first-year budget of \$500,000. It will work with other denominations in stamping out segregation in churches, assist individual ministers in combatting prejudice among parishioners. The assembly's stand on race, exulted the Rev. Elder Hawkins, a Negro and pastor of St. Augustine's Church in The Bronx, is "tre-

mendously significant. It gives the church the ability to move together for the first time."

The stand for separation of church and state was similarly straightforward and detailed. Besides opposing prayers and Bible reading (except in history or literature classes) in public schools, the church objected to the use of public property for religious displays of any kind, opposed federal aid for church-related schools. The report adopted by the assembly also recommended that existing Sunday-closing laws be changed to free Jews and Seventh-day Adventists from observance, urged that tax exemptions be stripped from commercial enterprises operated by church institutions.

"The Real Crisis." To an angry minority of commissioners, the church-state report seemed a weak surrender to secularism. But Dr. Elwyn Smith of Pittsburgh Theological Seminary, who headed the committee that wrote the report, argued that "the question in all the matters we discussed is this: Is it or is it not an effective witness of Jesus Christ? Our conclusion was that the present practices of Bible-reading and prayer are not an effective witness," Dr. Eugene Carson Blake, who was re-elected without opposition to a third term as the church's Stated Clerk, concurred in the decision. "I think it has been a great assembly," he said. "The real crisis is that the Christian church, unless it changes, will be bypassed."

In other business of the seven-day assembly, the commissioners

- Heard Ecumenist Blake give a mildly encouraging report on the progress of his one-big-church proposal. Within two years, he said, there may be a definite plan for joining the United Presbyterians, Methodists, Episcopalians, Evangelical United Brethren, Disciples of Christ and the United Church of Christ in a new Protestant denomination with 22 million members.

- Elected Dr. Silas G. Kessler, 51, of Hastings, Neb., to replace Dr. Scott in the ceremonial office of moderator until the 176th convention in Oklahoma City next year.

- Noted the increasing warmth of Presbyterian relations with Roman Catholics and recommended that laymen and ministers form parish-level ecumenical groups to discuss with Catholics such problems as mixed marriages, legalized gambling, religious liberty, family planning, educational policy.

- Upheld the right of the New York presbytery to dismiss eccentric Fundamentalist Dr. Stuart Merriam (TIME, June 15, 1962) as pastor of Manhattan's Broadway Church, but decided that the presbytery had exceeded their authority in the summary way in which they ousted the Merriam-supporting ruling elders. Merriam, who has been without a pulpit for twelve months, is currently in Pakistan on a pleasure jaunt.

THEOLOGIANS

Barth in Retirement

The greatest living Protestant theologian retired from his professorship at the University of Basel last year, presumably with nothing to do but listen to Mozart records and finish the 13th volume of his masterwork, *Church Dogmatics*. But at the age of 77, Karl Barth (TIME cover, April 30, 1962) has found himself so busy that he wonders if he will ever finish the book at all. Two evenings a week he holds



THEOLOGIAN BARTH
Sensing a ground swell.

a trilingual "colloquia" with divinity students in the nearby Bruderholz Restaurant. He keeps up a worldwide correspondence, dutifully reads theses mailed in by budding theologians for his approval, and receives a constant stream of visitors, ranging from old pastoral friends to a delegation of Swiss prohibitionists. "I told them," says Barth, sipping vermouth, "that it was a good thing they existed, but theirs was not the main problem in the world."

Barth seems to be resigned to the fact that there may be no additions to the *Dogmatics*. "Let people read my first twelve volumes," he says, in dry awareness that they are heavy going. He has "written more than any other contemporary theologian," and fears overdoing it. "I definitely don't wish to be another Adenauer." He is in good health, still full of sly wit and provocative opinions. A sampling of the latest Barthian views:

- **ON ROMAN CATHOLICS:** Barth believes that thanks to Pope John XXIII "we are witnessing a complete reinterpretation of Roman Catholic dogma. The thoughts expounded by Hans Küng and other modern theologians in Germany, Holland, France and elsewhere are no longer views of a small spearhead minority, but form the very ground swell of Catholic renovation." It would be "terrible if the Pope died now," but the trend of Catholic thinking "looks to me irreversible." Barth



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THE SEVEN

Separation of church and reality.

scuffs at the widespread Protestant view that Rome is at last catching up with the Reformation churches, says "it might well be that we Protestants are the ones who will have to do the catching up."

●ON COMMUNISM: Thanks to Pope John's new opening toward the East, Roman Catholicism "may succeed in reaching a sensible accord with Communist countries before Protestants do." The changed are Barth's often-argued view that "the subtle forms of materialist atheism in the West are a much graver threat to Christianity than the overtly trumpeted atheism of the Communists. I don't take this Communist atheism too dramatically. At least we know where we stand with them."

●ON THEOLOGY AND JOURNALISM: Barth recalls that 40 years ago he advised young theologians to "take your Bible and take your newspaper, and read both. But interpret newspapers from your Bible." Newspapers, he says, are so important that "I always pray for the sick, the poor, journalists, authorities of the state and the church—in that order. Journalists form public opinion. They hold terribly important positions. Nevertheless, a theologian should never be formed by the world around him—either East or West. He should make it his vocation to show both East and West that they can live without a clash. Where the peace of God is proclaimed, there peace on earth is implicit. Have we forgotten the Christmas message?"

ROMAN CATHOLICS

A Who's Who of Saints

St. George, the patron saint of England, earned his place in medieval Christian legend by spearing a dragon that was just about to zobble up a Libyan maiden. St. Christopher was a sort of Jolly Green Giant of the early church who ferried wayfarers across a river on his back: one of his passengers turned out to be the child Jesus, and Christopher naturally became the patron saint of travelers. St.

Cecilia, a Roman beauty who was whacked to death with a sword after her pagan captors failed to suffocate her in an overheated bathroom, was made the patron of music and musicians because she "sang to the Lord in her heart" on her wedding day.

Of course, none of it ever happened. The only facts known about St. George and St. Christopher are that they were martyrs. There is no reliable evidence for the existence of St. Cecilia, and several hundred of the 25,000 saints whose cults have been observed in the Roman Catholic Church seem to be equally fictitious. Oddly enough, most of the evidence that cuts these legends down to size came not from iconoclastic disciples of Voltaire but from the Bollandists, a tiny society of Catholic priests whose job is compiling material for an accurate, fiction-free *Who's Who* of the saints.

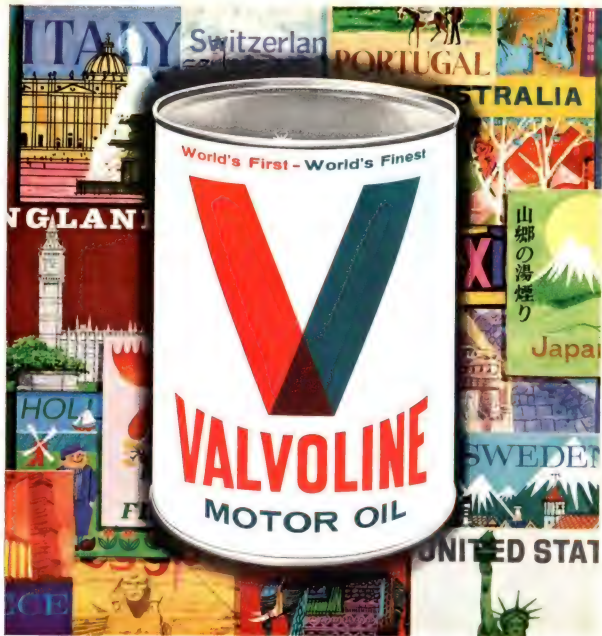
A Century or Two. This week the society will publish its semiannual volume of studies called the *Analecta Bollandiana*, a dry, multilingual collection of research on the lives of the saints. The latest *Analecta*, for example, contains one article on the Bollandists' current favorite topic, St. Martin of Tours, plus others on such minutiae as an early Swedish manuscript dealing with Persian saints and a papyrus describing the life of St. Phileas. Eventually, this material may find its way into the Bollandists' *Acta Sanctorum*, of which only 60 volumes have been published in the 360 years since Dutch Jesuit Heribert Rosweyde undertook to write accurate hagiographies. But no volume of the *Acta* series has been released since 1920, and Bollandist Father Joseph van der Straeten admits that "no one can say when our next will be published. Maybe in a century, maybe in two."

Membership in the society (which takes its name from Father John van Bolland, Rosweyde's successor) is limited to six priest-scholars, who are always Jesuits and almost always Belgians. The Bollandists—who have no parish duties and seldom give public lectures, live in one wing of Brussels' Collège de St. Michel do most

of their work in their own five-tiered 17-volume library. The society's leader is Father Maurice Coens, 70, a soft-spoken expert on medieval German saints and a Bollandist for 35 years. Prospective next member is Michel van Esbroeck, 28, a specialist in Near Eastern languages who was assigned to the society by his Jesuit superiors two years ago on a trial basis. His apprenticeship will not be brief. "It all goes well," says one veteran Bollandist, "it will take at least ten years."

Philomena's Fall. Bollandist research has no official standing in the church, but Vatican scholars have often relied on the society's discoveries in deciding whether to eliminate a nonexistent saint from the calendar. As a rule, the church takes a tolerant attitude toward cults that have been honored by time and history: it does not forbid St. Christopher medals, for example. Yet it is quick to eliminate veneration of more recent non-saints with a growing vogue. Vatican officials two years ago sternly clamped down on devotees of the Roman "martyr" St. Philomena, whose authenticity was questioned by the Bollandists as far back as 1920. The society's conclusions are not always welcome: in 1607, the Carmelites were so outraged at Bollandist doubts about the order's clouded early history that they persuaded the Spanish Inquisition to ban the *Acta* as heretical.

The Bollandists are not ecclesiastical muckrakers; they aim to produce sober lives of saints that will stand the scrutiny of secular historians, and are as delighted to authenticate a legend as to disprove one. Well aware that the faithful may be scandalized if a popular saint is summarily debunked, the Bollandists couch damaging discoveries in guarded, hesitant prose. But they also believe that the truth of the church will be all the stronger if it is stripped of implausible legends. Father Coens believes that the "enlightened Christian" should always be "on the alert to protect his sense of fiction and reality, employing the reason that God has given him to use."



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Married. Briggs Cunningham, 56, millionaire sports-car builder-driver and yachtsman who skipped *Columbia* to victory in the 1958 America's Cup; and Laura Maxine Elmer, 39, also a sports-car enthusiast; both for the second time; in El Paso, Texas, the day after Cunningham divorced his wife of 33 years (three children) in Juarez, Mexico.

Died. Orvil Eugene Dryfoos, 50, president since 1957 and publisher since 1961 of the New York Times, a onetime stockbroker who married then Times Publisher Arthur Hays Sulzberger's eldest daughter in 1941,* six months later joined the paper as a cub reporter, then moved into management, where he became a firm but authority-delegating executive, developing the Times's Western edition last year, then acting as background negotiator and front-line administrator of the paper's skeleton 900-man staff (normally 5,000) during the 114-day New York newspaper strike, a tedious period that broke his health; of a heart ailment; in Manhattan.

Died. Harry Sacher, 60, longtime mouthpiece for U.S. Communists, who, in defense of eleven top party members in 1949, so badgered, bullied and bedeviled federal Judge Harold Medina, hoping to ruin the jurist's health and thus gain a mistrial, that after the Reeds' conviction Medina sentenced him to six months in jail (which he served, though a similar sentence in 1936 for refusing to tell Congress whether he was a Communist was overturned by the Supreme Court); of a heart attack; in Manhattan. Sniffed Sacher to Medina: "If it were necessary in the cause of liberty, I consider the price very small." Answered Medina: "It is not the price of liberty but of misbehavior."

Died. Winthrop Holley Brooks, 73, former president (1935-46) and board chairman (1946-51) of sartorially impeccable Brooks Brothers, fourth successor to Founder Henry Sands Brooks, who wanted to be a cowboy but reluctantly tended the store until he sold "B.B." in 1946 to Washington's Julius Garfinckel & Co.; after a long illness; in New York City.

Died. Yuki Kato Morgan, 81, widow of wealthy George Morgan, a beautiful Japanese Geisha girl who withstood the pleas of young Morgan (a nephew of J. P. Sr.) for nearly two years, at last in 1903, unlike *Madame Butterfly*, married the man and toured the world with him for twelve nomadic years until he died, leaving her a comfortable income, which she used to return home in 1928 and begin teaching the gentle art of the tea ceremony and *ikebana* (floral arrangement); of pneumonia; in Kyoto.

* An honored tradition at the Times, Sulzberger himself married the daughter of Publisher Adolph S. Ochs; and when Dryfoos took over the top spot, told him: "It was sensible enough to marry the boss's daughter, and you were too!"

SPORT

MOUNTAIN CLIMBING

Point of No Return

No matter where they travel, American tourists usually take a bit of the old country with them. One day last week, they took a traffic jam to the top of Mount Everest.

At about 7 a.m., on different sides of the world's tallest mountain, two pairs of U.S. climbers struggled out of their sleeping bags into brilliant sunshine, strapped on their oxygen tanks, and began the slow trek toward the windswept, 29,028-ft. summit. Working up the relatively friendly South Col route were Barry Bishop, 30, a *National Geographic* photographer, and Luther Jerstad, 26, a University of Oregon speech instructor, retracing the path of Everest's earlier conquerors, among them Teammate James Whittaker, 34, who planted the Stars and Stripes on the peak this month (TIME, May 17).

On the other side, Thomas Hornbein 32, a San Diego anesthesiologist, and William Unsoeld, 36, a Peace Corps official, were picking their way up a vastly more difficult route—the forbidding West Ridge, a narrow spur so dangerous that nobody else had dared even try. If all went well, the two teams would meet at the summit. But for those on the West Ridge, it seemed hopeless.

Into Tibet. Days before, a sudden gust of gale-force wind at the 21,000-ft. level had blown away their tents and spare oxygen bottles, knocked two members of their support party 100 ft. down Everest's flank. Hornbein and Unsoeld were dan-

gerously low on supplies. The climbers had to pick their way around huge outcroppings of rock. Now and then, searching for a foothold, they disregarded passport restrictions and stepped across the Nepalese border into Communist Tibet. No one expected them to go all the way—just to climb as far as they could.

In the base camp, Expedition Leader Norman Dyhrenfurth waited for a walkie-talkie message from the climbers. Just below 28,000 ft., the West Ridge team faced its toughest obstacle: the "Yellow Band"—a 100-ft.-high cliff that resembles a shingled roof. Only pitons and rappel ropes kept Hornbein and Unsoeld inching upward. At last they radioed back that they had crossed the Yellow Band safely. But now they were past the "point of no return." Their supply of pitons was gone. They had to reach the summit and head down the easier South Col.

What of Bishop and Jerstad? Where were they? Nobody knew. Jerstad's walkie-talkie battery had run out of juice. At 6:33 the base camp got another message—a whoop of triumph. The West Ridge team had done it! Hornbein and Unsoeld were on the summit and starting down.

No Shelter. Then fate played a capricious hand. The South Col team had also reached the summit—at 3:30 p.m.—looked around for the West Ridges, given up, and headed back to wait at the South Summit, 328 ft. below. Unaware of all this, Hornbein and Unsoeld wasted valuable time at the summit searching for Bishop and Jerstad. Not until 9 p.m. did the rendezvous take place. By now it was

so dark that the four climbers could not find Camp 6 on the South Col route. Huddled against each other they spent the night at 28,000 ft.—without proper oxygen, shelter or sleeping bags. The temperature was 18° below.

Then down they came, frostbitten from their night in the open, but under their own power, and with an unprecedented record of mountaineering firsts. Dyhrenfurth & Co. had achieved every goal. All told, five Americans had reached Mount Everest's "impassable" West Ridge had been conquered. When Hornbein and Unsoeld finished their return trip down the South Col, they completed the first transverse crossing in the history of Himalayan climbing. Only Sally Dyhrenfurth took it all calmly. "What," she asked her husband, "are you going to do for an encore?"

GOLF

"The Old Cat-o'-Nine-Tails"

It was no trial at all for well-bred Britons to keep a stiff upper lip all the way through Dunkirk, the Blitz and Suez. But through eight straight losses to the U.S. in the Walker Cup—now really, chaps, that was a bit much to ask, Englishmen take their golf seriously; after all, they practically invented the game. Actually, it was the Scots—but surely the Empire still stretches that far?

This year the British decided to go after the Walker Cup in earnest. They scheduled the matches for Ailsa, a 7,025-yd. course at Turnberry, Scotland, whose massive bunkers and cement-hard greens were sure to give U.S. golfers fits. Then they picked a team of strong young amateurs who could match the long-hitting Americans drive for drive. And, finally, they prayed for rain.

Last week, as the two-day Cup matches got under way, an icy wind roared off the Firth of Clyde, dumping rain and sleet on Ailsa. "I'd heard about this Scottish weather," complained one U.S. golfer, "but I never believed it before." The Americans blew sky-high. U.S. Amateur Champion Labron Harris lost to Ireland's David Sheahan, one up, California's Richard Davies, the 1962 British Amateur champion, blew a three-hole lead to England's Mike Bonallak. When night finally fell, the upset-minded British took a 6-3 lead with them into the clubhouse bar. U.S. Team Captain Dick Tufts called a meeting. Said one player: "He really swung the old cat-o'-nine-tails."

The sun finally broke through next day—and so did the penitent Americans. In the morning, U.S. golfers swept all four Scotch foursomes (in which the two men on each team take turns hitting the ball) and led by the score of 7-6. By midafternoon, they had added three straight singles victories. On the 16th green, two up over England's Mike Lunt, New Jersey's Bob Gardner, 41, was surveying a tricky, 4-ft. putt when Captain Tufts whispered in his ear, "Bob," he said, "this is the one we need." Gardner calmly stepped up, sank the putt—and with it the British hope for a Walker Cup upset.



TRACK & FIELD

"Let Them Try"

"Frankly, I don't understand all the fuss about this meet," said New Zealand's Peter Snell, 24, on the eve of the California Relays at Modesto, Calif. Lounging beside a motel pool, arm in arm with his bride of two weeks, the world's fastest miler (3 min. 54.4 sec.) hardly looked like a man facing the sternest test of his career. He dismissed his chief competitor, the U.S.'s Jim Beatty, a 3-min. 56.3-sec. miler, with a scornful shrug: "This Beatty doesn't hold any decent record at all." He snorted at the suggestion that Beatty's teammates from the Los Angeles Track Club might try to box him in during the crucial run to the tape. "Let them try," said Snell. "Maybe it will make me run better."

Long before Starter Tom Moore raised his gun, sportswriters were calling the race "the Miracle Mile." "If all the Miracle Miles were laid end to end," protested one old track hand, "they'd reach straight to heaven." But superlatives could be forgiven. Besides Snell and Beatty, the eight-man field included three other sub-4-min. milers: California's Jim Grelle (3 min. 56.7 sec.), and Bobby Seaman (3 min. 58 sec.). Marine Lieut. Cary Weisiger (3 min. 58.1 sec.). Each had a plan for winning beat Snell. "If we don't beat this guy on his honeymoon," said Weisiger "we'll never beat him."

The Modesto track was lightning-fast as the runners took their marks. Rangy (5 ft. 10½ in., 171 lbs.) Peter Snell, relaxed and smiling, was in lane No. 1; little (5 ft. 5½ in., 128 lbs.) Jim Beatty, tense and drawn, was in lane No. 2. The others were strung out across the track. Bang! At the gun, California's George Jessup pounced in front, Beatty was second, Weisiger third, Grelle fourth, Snell a distant sixth. Nobody expected Jessup to be around for long. Sure enough, mid-way through the second lap, Beatty leaped into the lead.



CHALLENGER PETROSYAN (LEFT) & CHAMPION BOTVINNIK
Like a quarterback.

Now the battle began. On the third lap, Cary Weisiger sprinted up, grimly fought off Beatty and Grelle. "Go, Cary, go!" fans screamed. They looked for Snell: there he was, lengthening his stride now, slipping past exhausted Jim Beatty—but still 10 yds. behind the leaders. Into the last turn the runners pattered, straining for speed. Grelle began to fade. Could Weisiger hold on? Could Snell catch him? In an instant that nobody who saw it will ever forget, Snell turned on his incredible kick. The impact on the field was the same as if he had kicked them all squarely in the shins. Hrrrooommm! He flashed past Grelle and Weisiger and drew away—5 yds., then 10 then 15. At the finish line, coasting now, he was 20 yds. in front. Officials announced the time: 3 min. 54.0 sec.—the fastest mile ever run in the U.S., the third fastest in history.

CHESS

The Newest Idol

Is it art? Science? Sport? "When you're playing for the world championship," says Tigran Petrosyan, 33, "chess may start out as an art or a science. But in the end, physical endurance is so important that it becomes an athletic event." And so it was last week—at least in the Soviet Union where there are 2,000,000 registered chess players (9, 6,000 in the U.S.) and everyone else is a kibitzer. In a match that lasted two months and went 30 games, Tigran Petrosyan became the new World Champion of Chess, defeating Mikhail Botvinnik 5½, the perennial titleholder. Few players ever staged a more exhausting battle.

Into Training. The son of a janitor in Tiflis, Armenia, Petrosyan played his first game at twelve. He was a master at 19, an international grand master at 23. But in the Soviet Union, grand masters are so ho-hum that it took him eleven years and uncountable victories to earn the right to challenge Botvinnik, who

won the world championship in 1948 and, except for a lapse of two years, has defended it successfully ever since. Like a football quarterback, Petrosyan scouted his opponent—poring over charts of Botvinnik's games. Like a boxer, he went into training, working out all winter on skis to build up his stamina, later tapering off to something less strenuous: billiards. He moved to a suburban house far from Moscow's hurly-burly, played Tchaikovsky to soothe his nerves.

Under the gaze of 1,500 spectators, the match began in a theater across the Moscow River from the Kremlin. Botvinnik won the first game, and Petrosyan was afraid the champion would seize the psychological advantage. Petrosyan shifted tactics. "When he expected me to be warlike, I played as if nothing had happened." By the end of the fifth game, it was all tied up, 2½-2½* and both men showed the strain.

Just One More. Pale and haggard, Botvinnik seemed to have aged ten years; Petrosyan lost 10 lbs. Three games had to be postponed when the combatants showed up sick. But training was starting to tell: after 21 games, Petrosyan led 12-9, needed just one more draw to clinch the best-out-of-24 match. As Game No. 22 started, a warning sign flashed **KEEP SILENT**, and TV cameras eagerly dollied in. After only nine moves, Petrosyan proposed a draw. Botvinnik refused. "Go ahead," he said. "Move." The challenger moved, and leaned back, his face impassive, eyes half closed. Five minutes dragged by, then ten then 15.

At last Botvinnik sighed, smiled wanly and stuck out his hand in concession. Tigran Vartanovich Petrosyan was Russia's latest sports idol. Fans chanted "Tigran! Tigran!" Flower-bearing women sought to plant kisses on his cheeks, and out in Armenia, a set of triplets was named Tigran, Vartan and Petros.



SNELL AT THE FINISH
Move over.

MEDICINE

THERAPY

Life After Drowning

How long can a person be drowned and recover without serious brain damage? How long should first-aiders and physicians keep up attempts to resuscitate someone who is apparently dead? There are no precise answers to these questions but the *British Medical Journal* reports the remarkable case of a child brought back from the dead by the tireless efforts of resourceful Norwegian doctors. The detailed observations that were made during the boy's stormy battle for life, says the *B.M.J.*, will help medical researchers to fill in gaps in their knowledge of how to deal with such critical cases.

The history goes back to March of 1962 when five-year-old Roger Arntsen slipped into Trondheim's ice-choked Nidelven River. By the time Dr. Tone Dahl Kvittingen (pronounced Kvitting-un) arrived, the boy was apparently dead. His skin was blue-white, his pupils were widely dilated, and though the policeman who had hauled him from the water had made an attempt at mouth-to-mouth resuscitation, Roger had not responded because his mouth and windpipe were clogged with vomit. Worst of all, the Nidelven is a fresh-water river. And fresh water, when

lower, nobody knows—so that when he drowned and circulation stopped, his brain suffered less from oxygen deprivation than it would have at normal body heat.

Roger was turned upside down to drain the dirty river water out of him, and Dr. Kvittingen began artificial respiration with a tube down his windpipe, but the boy was still in desperate plight. He had no detectable pulse, and all the way to the hospital his chest was rhythmically compressed to force blood in and out of the heart. At Central Hospital a special electrode needle was pushed right through the chest wall into the heart, and it failed to detect any beat. External pressure was continued. A blood transfusion was started. Not until 2½ hours after he had fallen into the water did Roger's heart resume a natural beat. Soon after that, he began to breathe for himself. His temperature was still only 75°.

He had a stormy course ahead. He began to cough up frothy blood. Dr. Kvittingen and Dr. Arne Naess concluded that his blood had been so damaged and diluted that they had to replace it all by transfusion. They cut a hole in Roger's neck to pass a tube down his windpipe, and through this they extracted more vomit. The boy's kidneys were not working. He received a whole pharmacopoeia of drugs. He had to be fed intravenously for a week.

Hungry & Blind. When the air tube was taken out and Roger was fed by mouth, he seemed to be on the mend. Then, eleven days after drowning, he entered a terrifying crisis. The doctors still cannot pinpoint the cause of his relapse but the boy became unconscious and uttered sudden, meaningless shrieks. He thrashed around so violently that for two weeks he had to be sedated. For a month, it seemed that Roger's brain had been all but destroyed. He developed an enormous appetite and opened his mouth for food whenever his lips were touched. He went blind, and fell on his face against the bedpost when he sat up.

Then, six weeks after his accident, Roger's mental condition improved as inexplicably as it had deteriorated. He began to speak. Soon he regained vision for near objects, and later for distant ones. Detailed examinations since he was drowned show that Roger Arntsen is still a bit clumsy with his fingers, and has lost some peripheral vision, but he seems to be normal in every other way. He will start school in the fall.

SURGERY

Look Who's on First!

A 13-year-old boy in Somerville, Mass., extended his right arm last week and shook hands with a visitor. What made the event news was that exactly one year ago, red-haired Everett Knowles Jr. had his arm completely severed when a freight train threw him against a bridge abutment. Though several similar operations have been tried since then, the reimplan-



EVERETT KNOWLES JR. AT PLAY
Because the team come through.

tation of "Red" Knowles's arm by a team of plastic surgeons at Massachusetts General Hospital is still the most successful case involving a whole limb.

Young Knowles moves his arm cautiously, and wiggles his fingers slowly. But arm and fingers are sensitive to touch, heat and cold. Though the M.G.H. surgeons admit that these are "hopeful signs," they insist that they still cannot predict how fully Ev will recover the use of the arm. He faces many more months of treatment.

Meanwhile, the former Little League pitcher has moved off the mound to practice as a first baseman. Like one-armed players, he catches the ball with his gloved left hand, then quickly drops glove and ball, picks up the ball and throws it with the same hand.

CANCER

Another Whisper, Another Wait

Almost as widespread as the real tragedy of cancer is man's morbid fear of the disease. Cancer quacks grow rich milking the gullible sufferer who is prone to grasp at the vaguest suggestion of a cure. Even the proper reluctance of doctors to submit their patients to dangerous experimentation or useless treatment sometimes generates an unpleasant side effect—a paranoid suspicion that organized medicine is actually trying to prevent the use of effective but unorthodox remedies. As a result, an unofficial underground information system operates throughout the U.S., a whispering campaign starts with every rumor that a new cancer treatment is in the works. The rumors grow all the stronger when a promising discovery can be attributed to a reputable source. They get an added impact when a drug comes out of the laboratory with an unexpected background of romance.

Lately, the whisperers have had it both ways—ever since word leaked out that New York City research physicians were seeing surprising improvements in patients getting an experimental drug. The stories



ROGER ARNTSEN AT PLAY
Because nobody would give up.

inhaled into the lungs, does far more damage than salt; it evidently dilutes the blood, breaks down red cells, overfills the heart, destroys the body's balance of sodium and potassium salts, and usually causes the heart to twitch uselessly.

Protective Cold. Paradoxically, the fact that the raw March wind was a frigid 14° F. and the river was close to 32° was in Roger's favor. When he lost his hold on the ice and fell in, he was already exhausted and chilled; he probably did not fight much for air, and as a result he inhaled less water than he might have. The icy river soon dropped his body temperature—certainly below 75°, but how much



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A training cockpit.

In Republic's F-105D—or in the new F-105F—an Air Force pilot can deliver a nuclear counterpunch in any weather at 1400 miles per hour.

But in the new F-105F he can *train* for it.

While the trainee is flying on instruments, the instructor maintains a visual safety check. Costly "chase" plane sorties are eliminated.

And there are other savings.

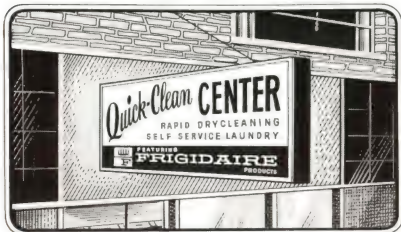
The two-place version keeps F-105 pilots out of non-combatant jet trainers. Delivers twice as much pilot time

per hour of aircraft time. And trains each pilot with the same weapon system he would use for nuclear retaliation. This includes the same electronic gear, and much of the gear he'd use supporting ground forces with a seven-ton mix of conventional weapons.

Now that the all-weather nuclear-retaliation weapon system with the greatest conventional-weapons capability of any Mach 2 fighter-bomber has been given training capability, what will we add next?

Whatever is needed.

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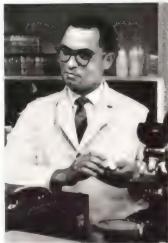
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seemed credible because a reputable microbiologist at Yeshiva University was behind the new find. And the discovery made by Dr. Moses D. Tendler (no M.D. but a Ph.D.) took on an aura of romance because he spends only part of his time in the laboratory, the rest in his study as a Talmudic scholar. When he isolated a crude antibiotic preparation that had some activity against transplanted cancers in animals, he gave it the presumptuous name Refuin (from the Hebrew for "cure"). Hardly had the drug been tried on patients at Montefiore Hospital when calls began to come in from all over the country; doctors were being urged by their patients to request supplies—which are not available.

Last week Research Physician Samuel



MICROBIOLOGIST TENDLER
Impressive and puzzling.

Korman and Microbiologist Tendler reported in Toronto to the American Association for Cancer Research that the substance has been given to 78 patients suffering from far-advanced cancer. In 34 cases, there was measurable temporary improvement such as shrinkage of the tumor, reduction in fluid retention, or relief of liver obstruction. But such improvement is usually of short duration.

The name Refuin has now been dropped, and Dr. Tendler has sent his antibiotic brew to New Jersey's Hoffmann-La Roche Laboratories, where it is being studied for possible manufacture. There it is called simply Roche 5-9000. Roche investigators have already learned that it was originally a far-from-pure mixture of half a dozen substances secreted by a microbe of the Streptomyces group, source of many other antibiotics. Most impressive and puzzling is the fact that whereas most anti-cancer drugs, which have to kill cancer cells to be effective, are also poisonous to healthy cells, Dr. Tendler's extract, as now purified, seems to cause no serious side effects. But not until the chemists get the components of Roche 5-9000 sorted out will physicians be able to judge whether any of them is a remedy for anything.

"Hoses, Guns or Mobs Won't Put Down This Rebellion"

Across the nation in Black Muslim mosques, an elite guard called the Fruit of Islam is being trained in judo and hand-to-hand combat. The lessons include how to handle a police dog.

But the Black Muslims insist they are not developing an offensive group: the Fruit of Islam exists only as a defense against unprovoked white attacks.

In this week's *LIFE*, 14 pages of dramatic photographs and first-person narrative tell the story of the Black Muslim movement in unprecedented depth.

The photographer (and reporter) is Gordon Parks . . . himself a Negro. He was permitted a view of the Muslim world that no other outsider has yet had. Parks met with Elijah Muhammad, the leader of the movement. He spent four months with Malcolm X, the front man and trouble shooter of the Black Muslims. And this week, Parks presents his word and picture account of a disturbing new force in the American Negro population . . . and of the effect it had on *him*.



Negro unity; NATO discord; Middle Eastern tension: each week, *LIFE* comes to grips with the major issues that shape the world we live in. This kind of reporting has a magnetic attraction for people who care. People you like to talk to read *LIFE*.



**Learning
can be easy...
when it's
fun!**

Professional educators were amazed at these results—

This 4-year-old is demonstrating an education breakthrough! He's exploring the keyboard of an amazing electronic device—part of the **Edison Responsive Environment** system. With it, preschool children (as young as 2½) learned to read, spell, write and type. They composed and dictated their own, or 3rd grade level, stories. By 1st grade they turned out their own newspaper!

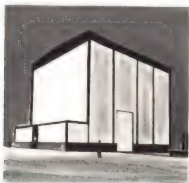
The **E.R.E.** system automatically points out letters, symbols, words and sentences in the window above the keyboard (projects pictures, when necessary) and pronounces, spells and explains them. The child presses the corresponding key symbol (all others are blocked!), to see it typed and hear it spoken. An attendant can switch electronically to any of 6 languages!

The **E.R.E.** system is the product of several years' research by Prof. Omar K. Moore of Yale and our Thomas A. Edison Research Laboratory (where limited production has started). Its principles were developed by Prof. Moore under grants from the Office of Naval Research and Carnegie Corp.; pilot demonstration in collaboration with Hamden Hall Country Day School.



Automatic dialer with a built-in I.Q.

From Thomas A. Edison Research comes another electronic marvel—Rapiald® Rapiald Dialer. An automatic dialing device that memorizes up to 290 telephone numbers on magnetic tape, dials them automatically—coast to coast or locally—at a finger's touch. Twirl the roster to the name you want, touch the dialing bar and electronics does the rest. New numbers can be added, old ones erased, in a moment. Produced by Edison Voicewriter Division, Rapiald dialer is offered to all users through their local telephone companies.



Giant cage...to tame electricity for extra-high-voltage testing

The economical way to transmit large blocks of electric power long distances is via extra-high-voltage lines. But this poses problems. The Pennsylvania Transformer Division is building a test center . . . 9 stories high! Actually, it is a giant Faraday cage, with metal-lined walls and ceiling and a metal grid in the floor to keep out external electric fields. This will permit corona-level and insulation tests (elimination of corona is vital because it eats away insulation, causing transformer breakdown). Result: even better EHV transformers from McGraw-Edison, builder of some of today's largest transformers.

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Alfred Bersted, President
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"McGraw-Edison's educational systems—transformers—time-recording tape—have a few examples of McGraw-Edison's diversity. Product diversity: from deicing and subsidiaries. Market diversity: products, divided almost equally, for the home, utilities and industry. Wherever electric power serves man, McGraw-Edison's diversity serves you."



"Private eye" detects wandering FM transmitters!

FM transmitters are increasing, so the FCC requires greater frequency accuracy. McGraw-Edison's Measurements Division has created another "famous first": the

Model 140 Deviation Meter. This instrument is simple to operate, portable and measures frequency deviation with laboratory accuracy.

City power keeps big trailer at 20° below zero!

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The actions of sensitive equipment in the space capsules are controlled by subminiature Buss® fuses—smaller than a paper clip! A precision product of the Bussmann Manufacturing Division, their extremely accurate opening time is vital in high-speed air and spacecraft.



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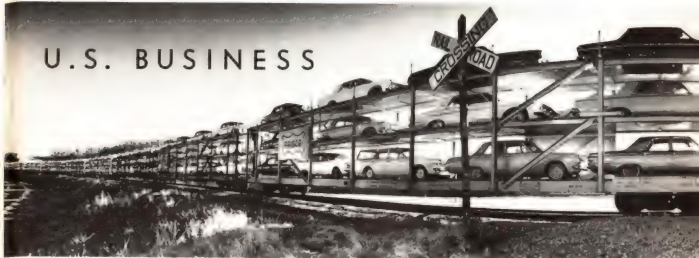
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U.S. BUSINESS



1963 CARS BEING SHIPPED FROM ST. LOUIS
Also on the gravel train: encyclopedias, diamonds and dogs on credit.

THE ECONOMY

New & Exuberant

[See Cover]

Just one year to the week after the stock market shuddered through its worst crash since 1929, new records are being set by that intricate, delicate and unpredictable entity known as the U.S. economy. The spectators are surprised, the analysts are rewriting their textbooks, and even the captains of U.S. business are somewhat amazed. The exasperating, exuberant 1963 economy, whose performance had for months been dismissed as puny and inadequate, is off and running in what the experts now believe will be the longest period of prosperity since the Korean war.

The U.S. economy was shifted into high gear by a combination of concurring factors: a buying splurge by the U.S. public, a more favorable presidential attitude toward business, the use of traditional but effective tools by Government and the increasing willingness of industry's decision makers to spend, lend, build, modernize and expand. These factors came together at a time when the American people and Government realized that the economy was not living up to its potential—and needed a push to get it moving. Once all pushed together, the economy willingly took off.

The three pistons that propel the economy—consumer spending, businessmen's spending and Government spending—are all pumping once more in unison. Production, profits and purchasing power are running at records. The reports from autos, steel and retail sales are bullish. On Wall Street the stock market has come back to within 15 points of its all-time 1961 high of 734.91. The business pickup has been greeted by every name from the grudging "seasonal upswing" to the barely restrained "boomlet" now used in an advertisement by staid Standard & Poor's. The economy's performance has

not yet earned the title of boom—and may never—but no one is willing to minimize how far and how fast it will go.

Accent on Optimism. That depends, to a considerable extent, on the prime movers of private business, whose massive corporations have been called "the dominant nongovernmental institutions of American life." The men at the top judge the state of the economy with a mixture of facts and instinct. Whenever they meet—whether over candlelit dining tables in the White House or in clubs from San Francisco's Pacific Union to Manhattan's Links—they are constantly poking and prodding the U.S. body economic and creating the delicate consensus known as business mood. What is their mood now?

Having been fooled once, many of them take refuge in the safety of "cautious optimism"—but the accent is on optimism. William Allan Patterson, 63, the breezy former banker who heads United Air Lines, feels "a great weight lifting from my shoulders" as a result of the economy's pickup. Metropolitan Life Insurance President Gilbert Fitzhugh, 51, who puts in an 80-hour week investing the insurance savings of 44 million Americans and Canadians, thinks that nowadays "individual businessmen are more optimistic than the economists." John F. Gordon, 63, an Annapolis-trained engineer who climbed the corporate stairs to the presidency of General Motors, sees "no reason to register anything but optimism."

"There is a new spirit within business which bodes well for 1963 and into 1964," says Inland Steel Chairman Joseph L. Block, 60, whose family-founded company is the most profitable major producer in the nation's least profitable big industry. Michael W. McCarthy, 60, chairman of Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith, seems pleased that "the economy has confounded a lot of experts"—and well he might be; his brokerage house, the nation's largest, has profited mightily by the stock market's 34% rise since last June. The only real concern that businessmen seem to have is about what lies ahead in the uncharted territory into which the rising economy is leading the U.S. "The important question is not whether we are moving into a boom," says Mark Cresap, 53, a onetime corporate planner whose long-range judgements lifted him to the presidency of Westinghouse Electric, "but what kind of boom it will be."

Exploding the Theories. Whatever it is called—and however far it carries the nation's business—the U.S. economy in the 27th month of the fifth surge in business since World War II is unlike anything the nation has ever experienced. In every important sense, it is a new kind of economy. Consumers are earning more





SMITH

MALTHUS



MARX



HAMILTON

Yesterday's theories are breaking down.

yet going deeper into debt than ever before. Businessmen are selling more goods than ever, but finding it tougher to turn a profit. The number of jobs is rising, but so is the number of jobless. Inflation, the almost inevitable companion of every postwar advance, is barely visible. Stable prices in times of rising incomes are opening a golden era for the consumer.

The new economy has thus exploded some classical economic theories. The competitive efficiency of the U.S. corporation in 1963 defies the logic of Adam Smith, the absent-minded professor who believed that hired managers would become negligent and sloppy and be overwhelmed by men in business for themselves. The expansion of U.S. markets through a steady population growth belies the gloomy forebodings of Parson Malthus, and modern capitalism's increasing ability to adapt itself readily to change has proved that Karl Marx was a better journalist than prophet. Today's U.S. economy would surprise even those who helped to shape its past. Alexander Hamilton would be shocked by the size of its mounting debt, and Thomas Jefferson would frown on the sprawl of the megalopolitan cities that feed it. The new economy has more competition than Theodore Roosevelt would have deemed possible, and more peacetime government direction than Franklin Roosevelt ever dreamed of.

The Consumer: a Hero. The real hero of the current upturn is the U.S. consumer. He is changing his habits. He has usually spent about 92% of what he took home and banked the rest. Now he is saving less but enjoying it more. This year he is spending at least 94% of his income—or \$8 billion more at an annual rate—and sending cash registers ringing to new records.

Many people put down the consumer's protracted spending splurge to his relief at the end of the Cuban crisis last fall—but that is only part of the story. Because the new economy has created some built-in balances, it may well be that the enthusiastic consumer will seldom again feel that he needs to save as much as before. One businessman who believes so is Federated Department Stores' Ralph Lazarus, 49; he began in the bargain basement and is now president of his family-run chain, which extends from Filene's in Boston to Foley's in Houston. "The American consumer now enjoys profit-sharing

private pension funds, health insurance and social security," Lazarus points out. "All this has the effect of increasing the spendable part of disposable income, and it also increases the willingness to use credit."

The consumer—"optimistic, materialistic, hard-working" is the way Lazarus characterizes him—is now in debt to installment lenders on the average of \$860 per family, an increase of \$70 in the last year. More than ever before, credit has become socially acceptable, even among those who can afford to pay cash. But, at the same time, the consumer seems to be keeping his head; repayment rates are now rising faster than new loans.

The urge to spend is satisfied in myriad and wonderful ways. Because women have plenty of money to go to beauty parlors, sales of Gillette's Toni Home Permanents have fallen off—but Gillette gamely considers the trend good news for the economy as a whole. At Los Angeles' May Co. department stores, a \$200,000 collection of primitive art from New Guinea is selling like sunglasses at \$3 to \$3,000 apiece. There is a boom in book and encyclopedia sales, and the cosmetics industry is lifting its face this year toward \$2 billion in sales for the first time. There is also a definite tendency for American consumers to "trade up" to more luxurious items and better grades of clothes and appliances; sales of fine jewelry are rising faster than those of costume jewelry. In Atlanta the owner of a finance company that does business throughout the southern states is having remarkable success with his contribution to the credit expansion: dog-buying on time.

The Auto Boom. Nowhere has the consumer's urge to buy—and his use of credit—had more impact than in the auto industry. This year, neat styling, standstill prices and the growing number of overage cars now on the road have combined to spur a love affair between the consumer and Detroit and send the auto industry off on a boom of its own. Of the \$48.2 billion of consumer installment credit outstanding, fully \$19.7 billion represents automobile paper. The splurge has shattered Detroit's belief that it could not expect to sell anywhere near 7,000,000 cars for two bumper-to-bumper years. On top of last year's sales of 6,900,000 cars, the industry so far this year is selling at an annual rate of almost 7,400,000, which

would, if sustained, break the record set in 1955.

As elsewhere, the customer is trading up, and "economy" has become a nasty word in Detroit. Chevrolet reports that its top-of-the-line Nova is accounting for 58% of all sales of the Chevy II, which was originally designed as an economy car. In 35% of the Novas, customers shelled out additional money for such extras as bucket seats and special carpeting. General Motors feels so good about the auto market that this fall it will introduce a new car, tentatively titled the Chevelle, which will be about halfway in size between the Chevy II and the standard Chevrolet.

G.M.'s Gordon modestly attributes Detroit's success largely to a good business climate, but others see Detroit as the prime cause as well as the beneficiary of the general economic rise. "The auto industry is the key to our economic situation," says United's "Pat" Patterson, who understandably favors another form of transportation. Autos have played a major part in sending steel production to a three-year high after many months of lagging output; 20% of the 2,600,000 tons now being produced weekly goes into autos. Detroit has created more production and more paychecks in rubber, glass, brass and a host of other industries.

Big Government's Role. The consumer also furks over most of the money, with varying degrees of unwillingness, that goes into a spending splurge of another sort—the Government's. Over the years, the Federal Government has taken an ever-increasing role in American economic life, and is now the nation's biggest customer and biggest employer. From Washington to statehouse to city hall, Government now helps to support the nation's farmers, teachers, shipbuilders and missile-makers.



LOS ANGELES ART SALE
Today's customers are trading up.

and many of its scientists, engineers, highway builders, psychiatrists, mine owners, urban developers, computer manufacturers and social workers.

Many businessmen abhor the trend, but they have learned to mute somewhat their criticism of Government spending and debt; after all, the Government is too good a customer to offend. Says Winston-Salem's P. Huber Hanes Jr., president of a large textile company: "We must reconcile ourselves to the importance of Government spending." The Kennedy Administration believes that the Government's enormous power should be openly used to affect the economy's course—and that it has managed to do just that. It has its own handle for what is happening to the economy: the Kennedy expansion. In the belief that the recessions of 1957 and 1960 were triggered by President Eisenhower's policies of tight money and tight budgets, Kennedy & Co. have pumped up federal outlays by \$16 billion over the last two years and made a conscious economic tool of the planned deficit. Federal purchases alone accounted for 20% of the increase in the gross national product during 1962. Spending by federal, state and local governments is running at an annual rate of \$160 billion—which is equal to 29% of the gross national product and represents \$900 for every man, woman and child in the land.

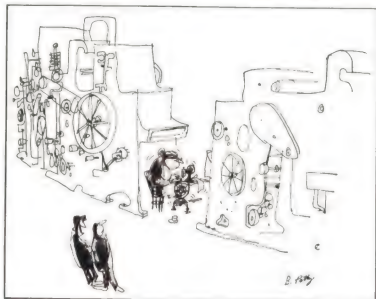
The Administration has pumped money into the economy through the independent but willing Federal Reserve, and thus kept credit easy for the longest period since the Korean war. By putting through a 7% tax credit for investment in new machinery and by liberalizing tax write-offs for the depreciation of old machinery, it has given business an extra \$1 billion a year for capital spending. At first, businessmen regarded these gestures as inadequate and unimportant, but their accountants soon got busy and showed them the savings they could make. "I think we've all been surprised at the amount of help it's given us," says Federated's Lazarus.

But John F. Kennedy's main contribution to business confidence has been his new attitude toward business. After his blunt attack on the steel industry last year, he has taken pains to avoid further offense, and pleased businessmen by his restraint in not interfering with the new price rise by steel in April. The businessman's new attitude toward the President is summed up by Monroe Jackson Rathbone, 63, a chemical engineer who followed his father into a job at Standard Oil (New Jersey) and rose to become president of the \$10 billion-a-year company. "President Kennedy is not anti-business at all," says Rathbone. "He simply has made a few mistakes." The President's new attitude signaled to businessmen that he and his Administration have come to believe in one guiding but generally overlooked principle of the New Deal's favorite economist, John Maynard Keynes: "The engine which drives Enterprise is not Thrift but Profit."

Fiercer Competition. In search of profit, businessmen themselves have been inspired to boost their spending on plant and equipment, which has been one of the weakest parts of the economy in the last few years. This year capital spending will climb to a record \$30 billion. The most prodigious spender of all, American Telephone & Telegraph, has increased its annual budget by \$1 billion since 1959; this year will raise it to \$3.1 billion—more than the gross national product of many nations. Joe Block's Inland Steel has increased its capital budgets from \$42 million to \$110 million.

In the new economy, most of industry's capital spending will not go for expan-

sions mostly from the new economy's technological explosion, which is rapidly outmoding the methods, machines and products of only yesterday. Courtlandt Gross, 58, chairman of Lockheed Aircraft, the nation's biggest defense contractor, loses exact count of the division-strength army that Lockheed now uses to devise new products and processes to keep ahead of competitors—but the number runs to 13,000 or 14,000 scientists and engineers. Says Gross: "I suspect there's more science and engineering in a button today than there was 20 years ago." In steel, Europe's new oxygen furnaces have outmoded the old open hearth, which is much slower and costlier, and forced



"NOW WE'RE COMPLETELY AUTOMATED EXCEPT FOR MRS. BELDING."

sion, as it always has before, but for modernization to make industry more efficient and competitive. About 70% of the programmed spending will go for new or better equipment instead of bricks and mortar. In today's economy, modernization is more vital to industry than ever before, because competition is fiercer than ever both at home and abroad. Inland Steel's Block competes against U.S. Steel's Roger Blough, but both have to compete against Japanese and German steelmakers; all the free world's steelmakers, of course, compete against aluminum, concrete and other substitutes. Oil is competing against natural gas, plastics against glass, and the new aerospace giants, while trying to beat the Russians, not only have to wrestle with each other but also face such competitors as General Electric, General Motors and IBM. In 1950, Dupont had one competitor in polyethylene resins; today it has 16—which is one reason why its basic prices have melted 12% since 1954 and its profits will slip a bit this year even though sales will be up 5%.

Competition's tropical-like growth

many U.S. steel firms to begin installing the more efficient furnaces.

Modernization & Overcapacity. The new technology has outmoded more than plants and processes; it has weakened the hoary notion that U.S. industry suffers from overcapacity—too much plant and equipment for what it is called on to produce. "It's really not a question of capacity, but of modern capacity," says Gross. Though the U.S. is producing at less than 90% of total capacity, many economists and industrialists alike feel that up to 20% of U.S. industrial capacity is either outdated or inefficient—and that capacity figures are therefore misleading. When steel firms install new oxygen equipment, for example, they may not tear down their massive old furnaces but keep them as stand-bys. The new process adds to their capacity to produce steel; the old furnaces, though idle, continue to be counted in capacity figures. The result: though steel may be operating at 100% of its effective modern capacity, the figures now show it producing at scarcely 83%.

Most businessmen consider the last 10% or so of capacity in most industries



OXYGEN FURNACE AT KAISER STEEL
Competition takes its toll.

almost inevitably inefficient, agree that producing at full capacity leaves no room for flexibility and frequently leads to costly breakdowns and power failures, crash expansion programs and industrial slovenliness. Chairman Charles ("Tex") Thornton, 49, of Litton Industries, which has done so well in keeping ahead of the competition with new electronics products and processes that its sales have increased an awesome 13,000% in the ten years of its history, believes that "to properly modernize U.S. industry, there should be expenditures of \$100 billion to \$300 billion."

U.S. industry has already modernized sufficiently so that the labor cost of producing goods—from toothbrushes to turbines—fell by 2% last year. But the bill for modernization came so high that earnings after taxes were an estimated 5.7% of invested capital, compared with 6.7% a decade ago. While profit totals are running at record highs, the businessman is finding it harder to raise his percentage of profit on sales. Says Du Pont's President Lamont du Pont Copeland, 58, a Harvard-educated scion of inherited wealth: "Keener competition may be good for the economy, but it takes its toll in profits."

Unemployment: Price of Automation. It also takes its toll of labor, which is where the real overcapacity in U.S. industry is today. Modernization to economize means replacing men with machines, which cost less than people over the long haul, are more productive and do not take coffee breaks or join labor unions. In the board rooms and at the clubs, today's businessman finds it hard to get his mind—or his conversation—away from topic A: automation. Among automation's side products are 4,000,000 unemployed—5.7% of the labor force. Automated elevators, automated stock-room machinery, automated steel mills and countless other devices are turning the underskilled and the undereducated into unemployables, and sending their more gifted fellows job hunting.

In the past decade, Monroe Rathbone's Jersey Standard has increased its oil production by more than 60%—while cutting employment by 19,000 workers. Though business leaders are struggling to cut costs by reducing payrolls, they realize that high unemployment during a time of prosperity is bound to prevent the U.S. economy from reaching its full potential. "We simply cannot have real prosperity and steady growth at the same time we have a near-recessionary unemployment rate," says Westinghouse's Mark Cressap. "Talking about a solution over the next five years means talking about no solution at all. We cannot live with this thing for five more years."

Time of Testing. Within a year or two the new economy will face a time of testing: the growing up of all those postwar babies who are entering the labor force (only 40% will go on to college). "Already our unemployment is concentrated among the 18- and 19-year-olds, and a tidal wave of them will hit us in 1964 and 1965," says Martin Gainsbrugh, chief economist of the National Industrial Conference Board. The number of new workers entering the labor force will soar from 2,200,000 in the last year to 2,500,000 next year.

What will become of them? The business pickup in 1963's first four months created 700,000 new jobs, but 674,000 new workers—not to mention those already unemployed—started looking for jobs. Even the steel mills are hiring only high school graduates, and Government programs for training the unschooled have hardly made a dent. "You just cannot make a shoe clerk out of an unschooled machine shop employee, no matter how hard you try," says Houston Economist Sven Larsen. To many, the only answer lies in broadened vocational training for those of limited talents and expansion of the nation's higher educational system to

train more and more students for the increasingly sophisticated requirements of the economy.

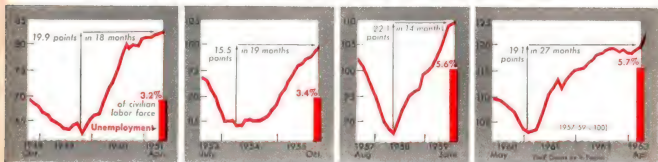
Some top economists feel that unemployment may get worse before it gets better, look for a 15% unemployment rate in ten years—if the Government takes no steps to counteract unemployment. But in the new economy, neither John Kennedy nor any other U.S. President could or would tolerate such a depression rate, even if the cure involved a return of the WPA and the CCC. If the U.S. economy can grow strong enough with Government help to create jobs for all but the truly unemployable, economists expect that the slow-growth days of the last six years will give way to a remarkable new era of growth. With jobs to support them, most youngsters would marry, multiply and spend heavily to feather their nests. No wonder both businessmen and economists look with such approval on the sight of couples shopping for wedding rings and of young women docking into bridal salons. "How much the economy goes ahead," says Andrew Ferretti, staff economist of Boston's KeyStone Fund, "depends on the success of the 18-year-old girl in snagging somebody to marry."

Tax Cut Push. While not against romance, the Kennedy Administration has a somewhat more complicated plan for turning the economic upturn into a sustained advance that would create new jobs. It believes that the tax cut it wants would further stimulate consumer spending, help business profits to rise, encourage expansion—and, not incidentally, bring the Government more in increased revenues than it would lose by the cut. Only a few months ago, most U.S. businessmen seemed indifferent about the budget-distorting idea of taxing less while spending more. But the Administration has persuaded most businessmen that past rises out of recessions have not had enough



BRIDES-TO-BE AT FILENE'S IN BOSTON
Romance is the key.

INDUSTRIAL PRODUCTION: Four Postwar Recoveries



steam, and that a tax cut would go far to do the trick this time. A Washington-inspired group of top businessmen has already been formed to push for a tax cut. Said Henry Ford II, co-chairman of the group, in a Detroit speech last week: "A broad tax cut will stimulate consumer spending, and thereby help to increase employment and put idle plant capacity to work. But a more lasting effect of a tax cut will be to increase the growth rate of the economy, once it is operating at full potential."

The Administration envisages a cut of about \$10.5 billion a year. At best, the reduction could not be enacted before October and probably would not go into effect until next year. But, explains Bank of America's Vice Chairman Rudolph A. Peterson, 58, "just the anticipation of a tax cut will be important to the economy." Peterson, who is due to become chief executive of the nation's biggest bank by Nov. 1, should know: he watches over 3,000,000 savings accounts, and plays an important role in the economy of California, the nation's most populous state. On the other hand, businessmen fear that the failure of a tax-cut bill in Congress might shatter the businessman's and the consumer's great expectations and make it hard for the economic upturn to continue its advance.

This is only one of the tests facing the new economy. Some of the more cautious worry that the stock market is becoming overpriced again, after one of the sharpest rises in its history; they believe, as J. P. Morgan put it, that the market "is destined to fluctuate." Others wonder how much the demand for steel will decline should the possibility of a strike evaporate, how long customers will continue to spend so freely, and how well the 1964 cars will go over. And bankers fret about how long the dollar can maintain its integrity in world markets with the nation's balance-of-payments deficit running at a rate of \$3.3 billion so far this year.

U.S. businessmen, while recognizing all these potential potholes, are remarkably confident. Joseph Block and other steelmen expect their industry to produce some 195 million tons this year, up 7% from 1962. F. W. Dodge Corp., the Boswell of the construction industry, says that construction will be up 4% for the year. Insuranceman Fitchhugh, whose Met-

ropolitan Life lends almost \$1 billion a year to corporations, reports that requests for capital loans have increased notably in recent months. Retailer Lazarus is planning to open more than 40 new stores over the next decade, adding to the 58 he already bosses. And in Detroit, G.M.'s Gordon says: "We could be looking at a situation not long from now when 8,000,000 or 9,000,000 car sales a year will be normal."

The Golden Mean. Perhaps the most interesting development in the new economy is that businessmen have become disillusioned with the prospect of an old-time flash boom, whose excesses have inevitably led to a slump. Businessmen now feel that a boom, like pride, sows the seeds of its own destruction; they would rather have steady, solid growth. Says Metropolitan's Fitchhugh: "It would be healthier for us if we didn't have a boom."

There are signs everywhere that the business cycle is entering a new phase—a phase of the golden mean. Government spending has exerted a steadying influence on the economy. Companies are better managed and better prepared, wisely make many decisions not for the short but for

the long term. The computer population has grown from 300 to 11,000 in eight years, and is forecasting demand faster and more accurately, making sharp swings in inventory unnecessary. As a result, recessions are becoming briefer, shallower and less frequent, and periods of prosperity are lengthening. In the 85 years before World War II, the average slump lasted 21 months; since then it has shrunk to ten months, while the length of the typical peacetime recovery has increased from 25 months to 32 months. Perhaps the recoveries are more moderate, but businessmen are coming to believe what Seneca said 20 centuries ago: "Moderate things endure."

Models for the 1960s. Once the U.S. gets over the soft middle years of the 1960s, when the war babies crowd into the labor market, the leaders of the new economy will be in a strong position to lift the nation toward much higher levels of prosperity. Their new efficiencies have enabled them to profit and expand even during times of relatively slow demand and steep taxes. Given a sensible tax structure and stronger demand all around, they should be able to raise earnings appreciably without raising prices. "All the factors for growth are there," says Gordon.

The U.S. is now entering a period of ample capital, credit and capacity, and of a burgeoning adult population that will summon up fresh demands for everything from engagement rings to electricity. The Government estimates that by the end of 1963 the U.S. will be producing 30% more than it did five years ago, and that the gross national product will be in the neighborhood of \$590 billion—an average of nearly \$8,500 worth of goods and services for every working American. Economist Gainsbrugh—joined by many a businessman and economist—looks farther ahead to the time when the frustrated promise of the Soaring Sixties will be fulfilled. "I'm firmly convinced," he says, "that the economic models we built for the 1960s will still prove out, and will give us an \$800 billion gross national product by the end of the decade." Economists and businessmen can hardly do more than guess what the new economy will eventually mean for U.S. business and the millions who benefit from it, but in mid-1963 their estimates have a firm tone of confidence.



UNEMPLOYED IN MANHATTAN
The machine takes no coffee breaks.

WORLD BUSINESS

IRON CURTAIN COMECON's Woes

Europe's Common Market may seem to be traveling to economic integration on a road strewn with rocks, but they are mere pebbles compared with the boulders faced by Moscow in its efforts to force its satellites into a Communist common market. Shortly after the European Economic Community began operating in 1958, Russia started a hasty conversion of its shaky eight-nation* COMECON (Council for Mutual Economic Assistance) into a Red-hued EEC—only COMECON in name, was to be much better. There would be no wasteful competition among nations, for example, as in the free-market EEC; instead, each member would be assigned to produce what it could make best. But to Soviet chagrin, some of the satellites are proving as balky as De Gaulle about shaping themselves to the mold.

Devious Device. For all its closed-door meetings (no fewer than 61 in the first four months of 1963), COMECON has come to hardly any substantial agreements. Although the COMECON nations and Red China last week agreed on a 40% to 50% cut in air fares within the Red bloc, COMECON has been able to reach agreement on production assignments to members in only a few, uncontroversial cases.

Since the already industrialized nations are getting the choicest assignments, they are naturally offering the least resistance, but Russia is still forced to field complaints and rebellion against COMECON policy from almost every quarter. Czechoslovakia and East Germany are reluctant to set up a common investment fund to help develop industry in member nations

* Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia, East Germany, Hungary, Outer Mongolia, Poland, Rumania, U.S.S.R. Albania is now virtually excluded. Red China is only an observer.



because they fear most of the capital will come from them, Poland, unable to get the goods it wants from COMECON neighbors, has signed treaties that will raise trade with the West by as much as 40% while it increases its COMECON purchases only 18%. Such predominantly agrarian countries as Poland, Hungary, Bulgaria and Rumania, which want desperately to build new industries, are beginning to look on COMECON's tendency to expand their mining and agricultural output as a devious device to keep them forever down on the farm and unable to build their own industry.

The bitterest complainer on this score is Rumania, whose industrial output started from a tiny base and is growing faster than any other COMECON nation's (14.7% last year). Rumanian planners aim to keep it rising at a 12%-a-year pace until 1975, but Khrushchev's COMECON plans would condemn Rumania to mostly farming and supplying raw materials to others. Result: Rumania insists on the "right of every nation to develop and plan its economy in accordance with its own national interests." When Russia dallied in delivering a steel mill that the Rumanians had ordered (against COMECON plans), the Rumanians huffed off to buy it from an Anglo-French consortium for \$30 million. They have also sent a trade mission to the West to drum up more business with the capitalists.

Who Is Best? The dispute has made a shambles of two COMECON meetings in recent weeks, and may force Moscow to call a summit meeting of party secretaries to resolve it. Even then, COMECON's efforts to assign production will face years of delay. Methods of figuring production costs vary so drastically from member to member that no one is sure who makes which product the best. "We cannot check the calculations of our partner, nor translate our calculations into language which is comprehensible to him," complains a distracted Polish economist. No more direct evidence is needed of COMECON's failure to outdo the free-market system of EEC than one remarkable fact: contrary to all plans, some COMECON members are increasing their trade with EEC countries faster than they are with each other.

BRITAIN

Square-Toe Debacle

Britain's hard-working, high-living Charles Clore, 58, has built an empire since 1953 out of ships, manufacturing, real estate and shoes. But the cockney-born, self-made Midas turns out to have an Achilles' heel—or toe. Last week, announcing a 4% profit drop in 1962 for his huge, seven-company British Shoe Corp., Clore blamed the loss partly on what he called "the square-toe debacle."

British Shoe, said Clore, had followed what appeared to be a trend away from the pointed-toe, stiletto-heel shoe toward the lower heel and square tip that became



BRITISH SHOES
The fashion writers fought back.

briefly popular in the U.S. and on the Continent. But in England hardly anybody bought them, and stiff-upper British Shoe was left with an inventory estimated to be as high as 200,000 pairs. Clore blamed the loss on British fashion writers, charged them with marching into the square toe at the head of a non-existent army.

Not so, bristled the fashion writers. The trend was there all right, they insisted, but cautious, turtle-paced British Shoe had not moved fast enough to catch it. "The truth is," said London Daily Mirror Woman's Editor Felicity Green, "that you stocked square toes too late, Mr. Clore." Fashionista Green even offered Clore a look at next season's shoe styles—low heels, high vamps, crescent-shaped toes. So far, few British Shoe stores appear to be stocking the style of the future. For one thing, the company was still worried about fashion writers. For another, it has recently completed a modernization program, now hopes to be able to catch up with style changes only six weeks after they hit.

BRAZIL

Answering the Big Lie

Brazil's leftists and ultranationalists make it an article of faith that foreign investors take more money out of Brazil in profits than they put into the country. This myth persists despite a recent Brazilian law that prohibits overseas profits remittances of more than 10% of invested capital; in practice, actual remittances average only about 2.7%. But the attacks run on, noisily spearheaded by President Joao Goulart's leftist, demagogic brother-in-law, Leonel Brizola. Last week outspoken U.S. Ambassador Lincoln Gordon went before 600 U.S. and Brazilian businessmen in São Paulo to answer what he called the "big lie." The only way to combat the big lie, said Gordon, is by "restating, and repeatedly, the big truth." Gordon's biggest truth about foreign investment: "With few exceptions, it is devoted to producing goods and services in Brazil rather than for export, and the vast majority of the income produced remains in Brazil."

CINEMA

Hairy Marshmallow

Doctor No. Anybody who has read a thriller by Ian Fleming is bloody well aware why the Russians have absquatulated with so many of Britain's state secrets. It's that blinking British Agent 007, it's that blithering bouncer James Bond! To begin with, the man is an appliance snob—doesn't really mind if he shoots the wrong bloke so long as he shoots him with the right gun (8.5 oz. Beretta .251); wouldn't be caught dead when he skindives after a killer, in anything but the very latest scuba suit. What's more, he is a cooking kook who cares more for his belly than he does for Britain—the sort of waiter hater who considers himself a gourmet because he speaks menu French and probably reads the food page in *Playboy*. And of course he is a martini crank ("vodka not gin, shaken not stirred"), a tailor's dummy (Benson, Perry and Whitley, 9 Cork Street, London W.1), and a blood sportsman who would rather hunt quail (Eunice Gayson) than Red birds.

Agent Bond, in short, is just a great big hairy marshmallow, but he sure does titillate the popular taste. In the past ten years the ten novels in which he figures have sold more than 11 million copies in the U.S. and abroad. And now at last the varlet pimples can be seen on the screen. He looks pretty good. As portrayed by Scotland's Sean Connery, he moves with the slight grace that excitingly suggests the violence that is bottled in Bond. But somehow the poor chap almost always manages to seem slightly silly—he can hardly help it in a story like this:

Sent to Jamaica to investigate the dis-



GAYSON & CONNERY
Bottled in Bond.

appearance of a British agent there, 007 in less than 24 hours finds himself 1) abducted by a Chigro (Chinese Negro) chauffeur, 2) attacked by a furry Caribbean tarantula, 3) rammed by a hit-and-run Cadillac hearse, 4) waylaid by a sinister Chinese cutie, 5) smothered by the six-gun of a sneaky geologist, 007 senses that somebody is out to get him. Could it be the mysterious Doctor No, the mad scientist who lives in a mountain of bird droppings on Crab Key? 007 paddles over to have a look around. On the beach he meets Ursula Andress, a skindiver who seems to wear her air tanks in front, but before 007 can find time to examine the lady's apparatus the villain appears.

Poor No. He was an illegitimate child, farmed out to unfeeling foster parents. So naturally he grew up to be a mad scientist, joined the mad scientist's union (S.P.E.C.T.R.E.—the Special Executive for Counterintelligence, Terrorism, Revenge, and Extortion), and set out to rule the world. When 007 finds him, he is about to "topple" a U.S. rocket carrying an astronaut, 007 tries to stop him, but No sneers evilly and shuts Bond up in a warm, dark cell. To escape, 007 has to crawl through a steaming-hot tube about a mile long. He comes out limp. Doctor No leaps upon him, snarling. Locked together, they reel toward the incandescent core of an atomic furnace. . . .

Is it possible to make a good movie out of a James Bond thriller? Fleming fans probably won't take *No* for an answer.

Foreign Devils Go Home

55 Days at Peking. The year is 1900. In a dragon-encrusted ballroom reminiscent of the lobby of Grauman's Chinese Theater, David Niven, the British ambassador to Peking, is throwing a diplomatic ball to celebrate Queen Victoria's birthday. The music stops, and there is a shiver of terror: a brocade sedan chair brings Prince Tuan, complete with jeweled-gold fingernail scabbards and about as welcome as Dr. Fu Manchu at a meeting of the A.M.A. Prince Tuan (ex-dancer Robert Helpmann) is the leader of the "Fists of Righteousness" (known as Boxers in the occidental press), those marauding rebels who are going about the provinces killing Western women, children and priests in a fanatical effort to rid China of the foreign devils.

Too bad for Tuan. He is soon upstaged by the arrival of Ava Gardner; the sight of her well-mounted emerald necklace nearly turns the military two-step into a rout. Ava is a mysterious Russian baroness, and her escort is her roommate at the Hotel Mont Blanc, Charlton Heston, splendid in the dress blues of a U.S. marine. Prince Tuan furiously departs, taking with him a troupe of Boxer sword dancers who had terrified the guests with their choreographic snickersnee until Heston got into the act and threatened to slice

the fattest of the group into Boxer shorts. Next morning the German ambassador gets a sword right in the middle of the international compound, and Samuel Bronston's spectacularized version of the Boxer Rebellion is under way.

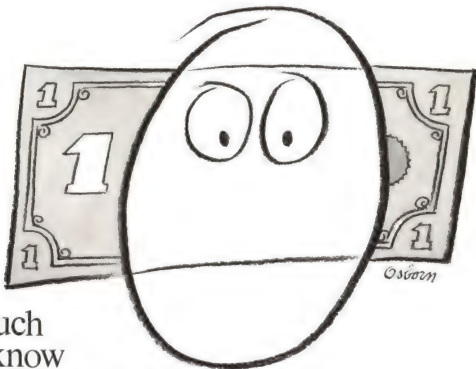
The demoralized diplomats are all for pulling out when the fireworks begin, but Ambassador Niven—gnawing his mustache to denote deep thought—counsels them to stay put, walk softly and hope for the best. Soon hordes of murderous Boxers swarm over the compound, knifing, shooting, burning. Imperial Chinese troops



AVA GARDNER
Winged by a Boxer.

join the attack after the Dowager Empress (Dame Flora Robson in plastic eyelids and black contact lenses) darkly observes: "China is a prostrate cow. The foreigners are not content to milk her, but must also butcher her." Ava goes to work in the hospital like a Pekinese Scarlett O'Hara, pawing her emeralds for food and drugs. On her way back to the compound she gets winged by a Boxer sniper. The kindly old Viennese doctor (kindly old Paul Lukas) tells her that amputation is the only hope. Ava refuses. "Don't you want to live?" he asks. "I've lived," she replies, and promptly ceases to, with several reels to go.

It cost \$9,000,000 worth of unrepatiated pesos to erect a fullscale replica of Peking in the plains of Spain, to populate it with 6,500 assorted movie stars, Spaniards and Chinese extras, and to blow the whole thing up at the end. Pictorially, the film is magnificent, and some of the handsomest scenes—an orange sun rising over the peaks of the Forbidden City, midnight pyrotechnics as the Imperial arsenal blows up, the gates of the Great Tartar Wall being stormed by Boxers in scarlet turbans—are almost as good as the evocative paintings by Watercolorist Dong Kingman, which open and close the picture. It was doubtless ghastly to wait 55 days at Peking until a troop of international reinforcements arrived, and the moviegoer who goes through the whole siege in two hours and 30 minutes comes out feeling lucky.



How much do you know about Money?

This little True-False test might prove profitable—try it.

1. "Never keep all your money in one place. It's wiser to spread it around, with your checking account in one place, your wife's in another, and your savings still somewhere else."

True () or False ()

2. "Never get too confidential with a banker. Your finances are your own business and the less he knows about them, the better."

True () or False ()

3. "You're better off never borrowing any money."

True () or False ()

4. "If you do have to borrow, and it's for several different purposes (home loan, auto loan, personal loan, etc.), never do all your borrowing from the same place."

True () or False ()

The Answers?

You probably recognized that if you answered "TRUE" to any one of these statements, you're *wrong*. They're all FALSE, and here's why:

1. If you spread your accounts all over

town, you're not as likely to become an important customer at any *one* place.

With both a savings and checking account working for you at one and the same Full Service commercial bank, you have the edge when it comes to asking for a loan to buy a car, take a trip or even start a business. (Full Service banks make *all* types of loans, you know, and usually at lower rates.)

2. The more your bank knows about you, the more it can help you grow financially — through counsel, through credit references, and (most important) through *loans*. That's why Full Service commercial banks are in business.

3. Borrowing money is *not* naughty, your forefathers to the contrary. In fact, it's financially foolish not to borrow if you can *invest* the borrowed money to make more money. A bank loan is often a shrewder move than dipping into your savings.

4. By doing all your borrowing — and all your other banking business — with a Full Service commercial bank, you will earn special treatment that can result in a more advantageous loan.

How do you "get started" with a Full Service bank?

Pick a Full Service bank near your home or office. (Unlike many financial institutions, a Full Service bank is one that offers checking accounts, savings accounts, all types of loans, etc.)

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BOOKS

When the Pope Was Russian

THE SHOES OF THE FISHERMAN [374 pp.—Morris L. West—Morrow \$4.95]

Kiril Lakota was a Ukrainian, and at he was the youngest and most obscure of the 82 cardinals who met in the Sistine Chapel to elect a new Pope. His very name had just become known in Rome, having been kept in *petto* by the dead



MORRIS WEST

A prisoner highlighted an enigma.

Pontiff—as are currently the names of three cardinals in the breast of Pope John. Said Kiril to his brother princes: "I have spent the last 17 years in prison. If I have any rights among you, let it be that I speak for the lost ones, for those who walk in darkness and in the valley of the shadow of death."

Thus Morris L. West sets the stage in the most gorgeous of all theaters—the architectural and liturgical splendors of St. Peter's—for a novelistic drama of great power and immediate concern. West's tale of the Russian who becomes Pope surmounts two obvious hazards: when the papacy is a subject for fiction—that of scandalizing Catholics or boring those outside the Catholic faith. Pope Kiril is no bore and is perhaps the first fictional pontiff to pass the severe test the subject imposes on the fallibility of novelists.⁶ West's novel can be read as exciting fiction by a notable craftsman (*The Devil's Advocate*) and for the documentary expertise West acquired as Vatican correspondent for the London Daily Mail not to speak of his years as a postulant of the Christian Brothers teaching order in his native Australia.

⁶One notable failure, *Hudson* (see sidebar), by Frederick Rolfe (1850-1931), an English seminarian whose lazzarite saintliness of an English Pope who was assassinated was published in 1905.

Satanic Parody. As Pope Kiril must confront, as did his predecessor, the specter of atheistic Communism. But he must do so in an unprecedented way, for he hears on his face, hands and back, the scars of Communist torture. His interrogator in a Siberian prison was Kamenyev, who has become head of the Soviets. The Pope, in fact, is thus a failed product of (or triumphant escapee from) that satanic parody of the confessional—the brainwashing process wherein men confess to crimes they have not committed to men who have no power to absolve. Yet Pope and Commissar understand, and in a deep sense, love each other as heroic representatives of opposing faiths.

Out of this strange relation of love-hate, West produces a moral dialogue in which the essentials of humanism and Christianity are debated by two men who have staked their lives on their faith. Kamenyev speaks—and is allowed to speak well—for the humanistic religion of man's perfectibility on earth. The Pope speaks for man's spiritual nature. When a correspondence ensues between the two there is dismay among those who think that the man in the Vatican has weakened in intransigence toward the visible enemy of the church. Peace is the ostensible subject of the Vatican-Kremlin secret exchanges, which are broadened to include the President of the U.S. known cryptically as "Robert."

West has used a number of fictional devices to make vivid this confrontation of Christendom and Communism. The horror of nuclear war and atomic fallout is made a live issue by the birth of monster babies in Rome. They have been deformed by the merciful work of a doctor who gave their mothers a new soothing drug—something like thalidomide—and with equal mercy kills their offspring. The critical point between science and morals thus gives narrative weight to the Pope's concern over atomic war.

An Only Friend. The implications of modern science also intrude upon the Pope in the person of Jean Têlémont, brilliant Jesuit scholar who becomes the Pope's friend. Têlémont is clearly based on the French Jesuit Pierre Teilhard de Chardin, whose writings tried to reconcile the scientific facts of evolution with the theological facts of man's consciousness and conscience. When Têlémont is ordered by the Holy Office to re-examine the book that sums up his life's work he lies in the crisis of submission to the church's will. The Pope thus loses his only friend on earth, but he too must come as Pope in his own deprivation.

The Shoes of the Fisherman is a brilliant précis of what could be in the mind of a Pope who is also a saint—with all the church beneath him but alone with God. But the curious fictional feat is accomplished: West wins sympathy and belief for his papal creation as a man—not a holy effigy. It is a novel, not a pilgrim's guide nor a pious pamphlet. There are glimpses of *la dolce vita*, a homosexual

Italian politician, a knowledgeable New York newspaper Vatican correspondent foolish enough to tangle with divorce Italian style, a rapacious *principessa*.

These serve to highlight the central enigma of the Vatican—the headquarters of a huge, cumbersome international bureaucracy that nevertheless administers the intangibilities of the spirit. It is a business, but neither the Pope nor novelist West lets anyone forget that its business is with men's souls.

Max the Giant Killer

THE DECLINE & FALL OF LLOYD GEORGE [320 pp.—Lord Beaverbrook—Doubleday & Pearce \$4.95]

There are few historians who can say, "I was there." One who can—and frequently does—is Max Beaverbrook, the Canadian-born press lord and sometime Cabinet Minister who has been passionately involved in the "Great Game" of British politics for half a century. In the third of his authoritative, astringent histories of the World War I era and its aftermath (the others, *Politicians and the War*, *Men and Power*), Lord Beaverbrook is himself a central figure in the narrative. Beaverbrook was a member of Lloyd George's wartime cabinet (as minister of information) but it was largely through Beaverbrook's efforts that he was summarily turned out of office in October 1922, never to return to power.

In early January 1921, when Beaverbrook's account begins, witty, flamboyant Lloyd George had been Prime Minister for four years. As the man who had led his nation to victory in World War I and



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An elf brought down the Big Beast.



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founded the welfare state, he enjoyed greater popular support than any other British politician in more than a century. Politically, he seemed a titan, ruling over squabbling pygmies. Yet the fact was, as Beaverbrook tells the story, "Lloyd George was a Prime Minister without a party." His own Liberal Party was split into warring factions. Severe unemployment at home and violent disagreements over foreign policy had frayed the Liberals' uneasy coalition with the Conservatives. "The Big Beast of the Forest," as his ministers called the fiery Welshman, could even then have broken off the coalition, reunited the Liberals in opposition, and almost certainly returned to office within a few years. But Lloyd George was incapable of surrendering power. "He did not seem to care which way he traveled," writes Beaverbrook, "providing he was in the driver's seat."

Titles for Sale. To stay there, Lloyd George showered his supporters with promises and promotions. His aides peddled peerages to all wealthy bidders, and the Tory treasurer, an undisclosed bankrupt who was later to be rewarded with an earldom, secretly diverted to Lloyd George's own political slush fund a vast sum that the Conservatives had raised from their supporters. To appease all segments of both parties, Lloyd George by turns advocated peace in Europe and war in the Middle East; he urged *rapprochement* with Soviet Russia and vowed uncompromising hostility to the Bolsheviks; he paid lip service to free trade, yet at times also supported tariff protection for Empire trade.

But Max Beaverbrook knew precisely what he wanted. Both as publisher and politician, his career has been devoted to a single, quixotic goal, the creation of an Empire-wide economic union; he admits cheerfully that he bought the then bankrupt Daily Express for this "sole and only purpose." He realized that he would never convert Lloyd George to the cause of Empire free trade. So, working behind the scenes like a Machiavellian elf, Beaverbrook applied his charm, wealth and printing presses to the destruction of his old colleague.

Beaverbrook's chosen champion was melancholy Bonar Law, a fellow Canadian who as leader of the Tory Party in 1916 had helped bring Lloyd George to power, only to resign four years later. Ailing and self-effacing, Law was a reluctant maverick. But by suasion and sly pressure, Beaverbrook finally maneuvered his hero into the famed Carlton Club meeting at which Law captained a revolt of Tory M.P.s that dissolved the coalition and toppled the Big Beast. Though Law won the election, he was Prime Minister for only seven months—and confounded his eminence grise by rejecting Beaverbrook's vision of imperial utopia.

"Damn the King!" Beaverbrook has acquired the private papers of several key figures in his drama, most notably the unpublished diaries of Frances Stevenson, who was Lloyd George's secretary, later his wife, and for many years his closest

confidante. Though Beaverbrook describes Miss Stevenson's diaries as "a startling political document," his discreet excerpts give no hint of Lloyd George's notorious amatory adventures.

But Beaverbrook is a born raconteur with a novelist's ear for intimate dialogue, and he peppers his chronicle with anecdotes, gibes, and Maxims that must be the despair of his gossip columnists. Of Austen Chamberlain, he writes cuttingly: "He always played the game, and always lost it."

Informed that King George V wished to see him on a Saturday, Lloyd George explodes: "Damn the King! Saturday is the only day I have to play golf." When the King suggests that Monday will do as well, his Prime Minister exclaims: "God bless His Majesty." One of Beaverbrook's best disclosures is that the old radical was willing to resign as Prime Minister if he could become editor of the conservative London Times "at a decent salary and with a decent contract."

Beaverbrook's most memorable anecdote concerns a crucial dinner party at which Chamberlain, "the most important and impressive guest," was expounding on Ireland. "Only one detail was going wrong," writes Beaverbrook. "The butler was obviously tight." Furiously, their hostess scribbled a note and handed it to the butler, who put it "on a big and beautiful salver and, walking unsteadily to Austen Chamberlain, with a deep bow presented the message." It read: "You are drunk—leave the room at once."

Protracted Puberty

THE SEX DIARY OF GERARD SORME
[256 pp.]—Colin Wilson—Dial (\$4.95).

"Sex sells books." British Novelist-Critic John Wain came right out and announced the other day. He did not, however, examine the corollary proposition (which worried a more censorious generation) that books sell sex. In any case, *The Sex Diary of Gerard Sorme* seems dedicated by Novelist Colin Wilson to the

first of these notions. As to the second, the *Diary* will not sell sex, since the subject is presented at its worst—neither for play, passion nor procreation, but as a something-or-other that promotes the spiritual development of a prig. It is woe-lust stuff—the sort of Promethean flimflam that steams up from a painfully protracted puberty. One other question lingers in the mind: How was the author of this stupefyingly pretentious piffle ever mistaken for a young man of genius by London's most eminent critics?

Intellectual as Ape Man

WHO LOST AN AMERICAN? [337 pp.]—Nelson Algren—Macmillan [\$5.95].

One way or another, American intellectuals are apt to complain about being lost. Nelson Algren is the lost American of his own story, but it cannot be that no one knows where he is; the uproar he creates is deafening.

The author of *The Man with the Golden Arm* seems determined to prove that it was written by a man with brass lungs and a tin ear. *Who Lost an American?* sounds like a bellowing recitative by a carnival barker who stops at nothing but to laugh at his own jokes. It takes Algren to foreign parts like New York, Paris, Barcelona, Dublin, Istanbul, Crete, and back, of course, to dear old untouchable Chicago. Through it all, Algren (complaining about Americans who complain about the lack of ham and eggs for breakfast) remains about the most militantly ham-and-eggs-American traveler since the innocents went abroad in Mark Twain's generation. The book is dedicated to Simone de Beauvoir, *doyen* of French existentialists—a gesture of some generosity in the face of Algren's appearance as a non-hero in De Beauvoir's last novel.

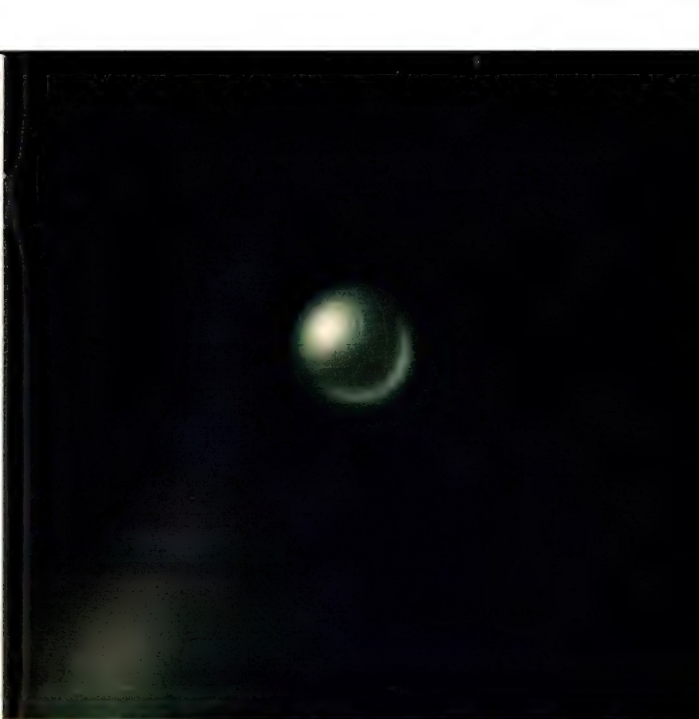
Branch of Fisticuffs. Technically, this is a work of belles-lettres, in which Algren appears in the ambiguous role of the anti-intellectual intellectual. The spectacle of a literary man proving that he is hairier than a Rotarian is sadly familiar in the history of American letters, most notably in the person of Ernest Hemingway, who was prone to discuss literature as if it were a branch of fisticuffs, Algren goes the old master one worse by writing about books and boxing as if both were rackets.

"I had come to know two New York crowds," writes Algren, dead serious for once. "One that took its cut off the traffic in horses and fighters around St. Nick's Arena, and the other that took its cut off the traffic in books. Plungers and chisellers alike. I'd found, were less corrupt than Definitive Authorities on D. H. Lawrence. The corruption of the sporting crowd was that of trying to get two tens for a five off you, but the corruption of the throngs of the cocktail kazins went deeper." For the non-inside dopest, Alfred Kazin is an able and dedicated critic guilty of nothing much worse than occupational attacks of solemnity.

For a man who despises corrupt literary cocktail parties, Algren seems to have



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survived a lot of them without letting his hosts or fellow guests suspect his feeling. The "throngs" that saw him off on his temporary emigration were as corrupt a crew of notable names as ever were dropped. His acquaintance included Bennett Surface, a characteristic Algren joke-name notable for being an even dimmer joke than any pulled by the original. And the pansy routine Algren sets going between a literary character named Norman Manilfellow and a "deeply tanned" writer named Giovanni is good for a yak, even though the material might be thought a bit crude by a Catskill M.C. for an Elks Club stag night.

False Sentimentality. To use a phrase from current teen-age slang, Algren has gone ape, real ape. The pity of all this is



ARTHUR SIEGEL

NELSON ALEGRO

Gold watch into brass turnip.

that the wheedling, folksy tone of the huckster ("I've learned a few tricks of the trade myself, such as adding an 's' when you want to show there is more than one of something") comes from the mouth of a man who once had a real gold watch to sell and not a brass turnip.

The best thing in the book is naturally about Chicago—and about his own boyhood, when "somebody was always excommunicating" him. It is essentially about the tough streets where he once sold papers, and the bitter time when a child discovers the ironies involved in the goodness of God and the cruelty of man. But Algren spoils it from evident fear of falling into false sentimentality. He falls right into another kind of falsity. Says the boy Algren: "I want to see the face of Gawd." Facetious spelling gets the adult Algren off no theological or esthetic hook and simply suggests that the child who fathered the man Algren (and who believed in God, not Gawd) was wiser than his wisecracking offspring.



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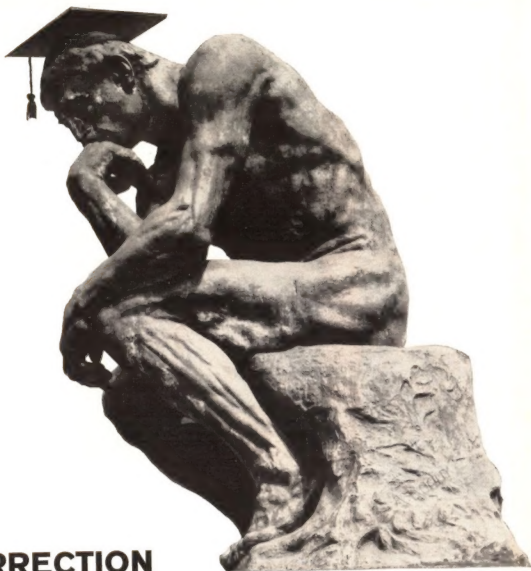
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Jack London toasts Martin Eden, "Skål to the Old Crow--it is best"

Jack London, the world-renowned author and adventurer, had chosen the name of his neighbor, Martin Eden, as the title of his latest book. "I'm too unimportant for such an honor," demurred Eden. "I'm just a 'gammal kråka' (old crow)." Later, London returned with a bottle: "Skål to the Old Crow," toasted he, "it is best."



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